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THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

HUNDREDTH YEAR

1926

FEBRUARY 25



Photograph by Edwin Levick

NIP AND TUCK!

In this Issue • Stories by E. E. Harriman, Arthur Stanwood Pier, C. A. Stephens, George Allan England, and Melcena Burns Denny

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Things We Talk About

MR. E. E. HARRIMAN, who has been a frequent writer of adventure stories for The Youth's Companion, has lived through more adventures himself than fall to the lot of most of us. From his home at 2303 West 23d Street, Los Angeles, Calif., he sends us these memories: "I was born in northern Ohio, and my parents took me to the hardwood forest belt of Minnesota when I was eighteen months old. During my boyhood I lived on the homestead claim, where a walk of a quarter-mile would take me into the heaviest kind of forest. Animal and bird life was so abundant as to appear to be literally packed into every available space.

"Six weeks after our arrival," continues Mr. Harriman, "the hostile Indians began butchering the whites, making their first killings among men and women who had given themselves and all they had to aid the savages. The first death was that of a man who had lived with them for seven years as a member of the tribe, wearing their dress and speaking their language, and devoting his whole energy to taking care of their sick and teaching them how to keep their children alive and in health.

"My first memory is of crossing a lake at night, at the time of the second outbreak, when I was two and a half years old. My mind was indelibly impressed by the fact that the grown people were frightened and whispering; and I recall the darkness, the rippling water against the boat, and the scared efforts to hush a baby who cried.

"Some time after this I remember the shock of seeing our cattle racing up to the house, one steer bleeding from a bullet wound, and another with a bullet hole bored through his right horn. My son Francis now has the bullet that lodged in another steer, a chunk chewed off a bar of lead and rounded crudely by Indian teeth.

"After that, I recall the passing of several Indians in war paint—Chippewas on the way to fight Sioux. A little later I hid in a marsh behind a lake and watched four huge war canoes, each carrying twelve warriors. The Sioux had a camp on Lake John, and five years later three of our pioneer boys discovered seven knives in water four feet deep, just off shore from where an Indian battle had raged. The Indians would never use a knife dropped by a man who was killed, and they had cast these seven into the lake.

"In the forest were panther, bear and big gray wolves. The wolves howled around the house and climbed on top of the covered pigpen. Canada lynx and the common bay lynx, or bobcat, hunted our chickens almost to our doors. In such an environment, it was natural that I should learn to shoot straight. My father was acknowledged as the best rifle shot in the state; he was justice of the peace, postmaster, town clerk, member of the board of equalization, and preacher in charge.

"When I was sixteen, a neighbor ran to our house for protection from a mob. Finding

me alone, he seemed despairing. I invited him to pass the night, loaded my shotgun with buckshot, and loaded every chamber of my ancient Navy Colt 'hogleg' revolver.

"The mob came within half a mile, carrying whips, a kettle of tar and a feather pillow. Then they stopped to consult, the whiskey having died in them. Some were for going on, but one remarked, as I heard later: 'That fool boy will be just idiotic enough to shoot.' The mob drew off, and Jim went away next morning. When father came home with mother he said to me: 'You did just right, son.' And I was happy.

"At thirteen, I first became a reader of The Youth's Companion and have never lost my interest in it and my love for it."

THIS IS A PICTURE of one of the contributing editors of The Youth's Companion, Mr. Kent B. Stiles, who since 1915 has been writing



for us about postage stamps. You find the Stamps to Stick page in the last issue of every month. Mr. Stiles started his career, at the age of four, by innocently opening his older brother's stamp album and dropping some of the choicest specimens, including the very valuable Cape

of Good Hope triangulars, down the open register leading to the furnace. Soon thereafter Kent was convinced of the value of stamps and is now a leading authority on them, being an associate editor of Scott's Monthly Journal for stamp collectors. As a collector, he specializes in World War, airport and commemorative issues.

FLOODING IN BY EVERY MAIL are letters from good friends who have read The Youth's Companion not merely for years but for decades, and in many cases for a half-century or longer. This Hundredth Anniversary brings us in touch with them more closely than we have ever been before. Here is just a line or two from a few of the letters that are being gratefully received and answered as this issue goes to press.

"I have been a reader of The Youth's Companion for forty-four years," says Mrs. Helen A. Pollinger, of Hamilton, Mont. "I never intend to be without it." "Your paper has been received in our family for thirty-nine years," writes another Montanan, Mr. Charles Sawyer of Anaconda. "I have been a constant reader for forty-six years," writes Mr. A. L. Mills, of Joplin, Mo. "My father subscribed for The Youth's Companion for me when I was fifteen; when my oldest boy was old enough to read it, I had it sent in his name, and then in the names of my three younger boys. I am now having it sent to my two oldest grandsons, as I consider the stories and all the other reading matter in it more wholesome for young people than many of the stories in other magazines."

"I first commenced to read The Youth's Companion in 1882," writes Mr. M. R. Diehl, of Altoona, Pa. "When my oldest daughter was old enough to read, I subscribed for her. It is still coming. I read it every week and could not do without it. In 1900 you offered a pony as a prize; I wanted him for my boy, and I won him, and he was worth all the effort I put forth."

"I am now sixty-nine years old," writes Mrs. Charles W. Packard, of Campello, Mass., "and I distinctly remember that when I was a girl of seven one of our neighbors came to our house soliciting a subscription for The Youth's Companion. My father subscribed then, and some member of our family has taken it ever since. There has never been a break of one year; and now my daughter takes it for her boys."

AND NOW TO ANSWER A QUERY. It comes from Appleton Mason, Jr., who is in his first year in high school in Larchmont, N. Y. "I am writing to ask if you expect to continue your articles on the lives of some of our noted men, as you have already given the lives of President Coolidge and Vice-President Dawes. I find excellent material in these articles for talks in oral English."

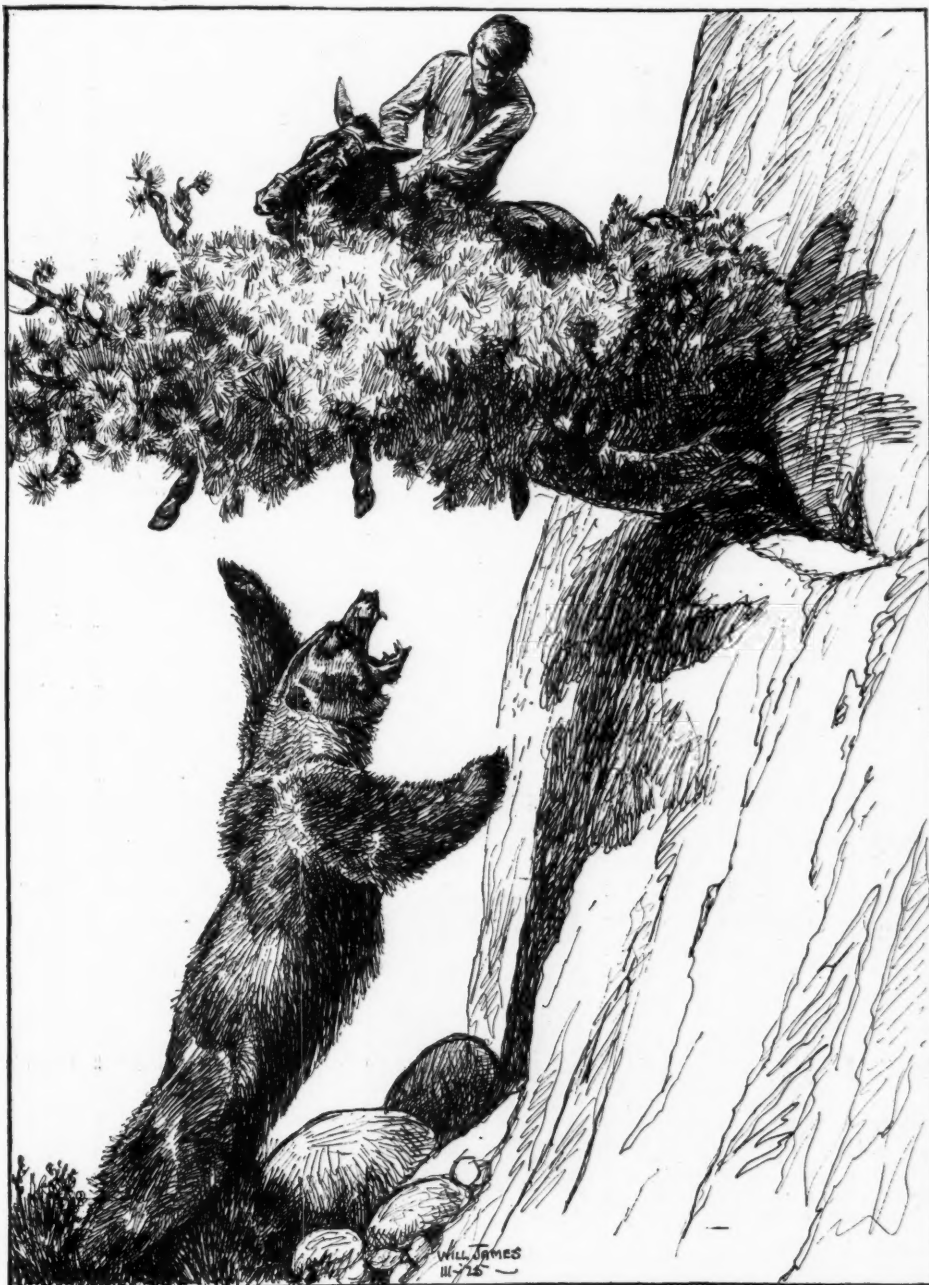
We are. Such articles are not only a help to winning high marks in school; they are a great help, if you read and use them wisely, to winning high distinction in life.

THE · YOUTH'S · COMPANION

VOLUME 100

NUMBER 8

DRAWING BY
WILL JAMES



*He rose on his hind legs
and tried to reach the
mule. His great paws
fanned the air*

GALE BONHAM had secured the contract for carrying the mail on one of California's most primitive routes. It was a route where wheels never traveled. Every pound of the mail had to be packed behind his saddle. There were thirty-two miles of trails, and not a single mile that a buckboard could pass over safely.

Gale had come to California from Arkansas just two years before, and he considered himself an expert in all matters pertaining to the great outdoors. He rode well, he was an excellent rifle shot; he had all the camper's skill at his finger tips. Gale had hunted a great deal in his thirty years of life, and he felt that he understood wild beasts. So he scoffed at the tales that old men told him concerning silvertips and cinnamon bears.

"Now looky here, granddad," he said to old Sam Greenlee. "I've shot bear in Florida canebrakes, in Maine, Minnesota and Arkansas. I'm no greenhorn, and you can't stuff me with this scare stuff. I'll bet my dun mule, Sukey, against a short bit that any bear I meet will turn tail and run if I holler just once."

"Son," insisted old Sam, "mebbe ye've shot bear in all them states, but did ye ever run agin a outlaw grizzly? Until ye hev ye ain't qualified to argy in this here court. Don't ye know, son, that while the grizzly ain't on the warpath unless he's meddled with, as a general rule a outlaw grizzly knows jest as well as folks that he's a outlaw. Consequent, 'he don't stop to pass the time o' day; nor does he hesitate about gittin' action. He don't run; nor he don't whine. He ain't afraid of nothin', an' he just goes fer anythin' as gits in his way."

"You give him credit with having a man's sense, eh?" said Gale. "Think he knows he's considered an enemy of man, do you? Well, how does he get to understand the situation so well? Read the papers?"

"Laugh if ye like. It don't hurt me none. He begins killin' stock. Most generally he don't pester cattle none, but mebbe he is hungry an' a calf blunders under his nose. He kills it an' eats it. One good squar' meal o' veal makes him hanker fer more. He gits after it. Pretty soon he don't hunt nothin' much but beef an' veal. Cattlemen take a few shots at him. Mebbe they sting him a little. In a year he's a rampin', ragin' enemy o' man."

"Gets educated to it, does he? Well, I'll

take a chance, and I'm not at all afraid of this monster the stockmen are offering a big reward for right now. I'll bet he'd run forty miles if I yelled at him just once. I don't pack any weapon except my voice; but that's good and strong."

"Mebbe ye'll need a strong one when ye meet up with him."

Gale was amused. He had killed a good many black bears in four states. The largest one he had ever shot had weighed less than

five hundred pounds. They were inoffensive, timid creatures that grew dangerous only when attacked.

On Gale's route were many long stretches with no house within many miles. Great slopes covered with chinquapin, white birch, manzanita and other short growths stretched up and down from the trail. Thorny buckbrush lay in huge patches here and there. Pines, firs, oaks and madroñas were common and thickly growing. In some parts of his

route the trail lay along a shelf cut in a steep canyon wall or open mountain side. In one place he rode with one foot hanging over a vertical wall of rock two hundred feet high.

The Granite Spring grade in particular interested him on account of its peculiarities and the view obtained from it. On this grade there was a stretch that lay along a rock shelf for fully four hundred yards. The wall immediately below the trail was within two or three degrees of being vertical, but twenty-five feet down it sloped out again in the more gradual incline of the mountain side. Above the trail for a hundred feet the wall fell back to perhaps five degrees of pitch, then sloped easily up to a ridge. Near the place where the trail left the dirt grade and started upon bare rock a tree grew out of the cliff about ten feet below.

This tree, which was rooted in a large crevice, was about fifteen inches thick at two feet above the roots. The trunk ran out almost on a level, long and tapering, with a slight inclination upward, and the limbs came out along either side in rows with thick foliage. Gale often looked down at it as he passed and thought that a man might make his bed along the trunk between the strong, up-standing branches and not roll off. The trail along here was so narrow that a horse or a mule would have hard work to turn round on it, except at occasional places where the trail-builders had purposely widened it. These spots were there to allow horsemen to pass each other in opposite directions.

For two weeks after his talk with old Sam, Gale traveled this trail and saw no signs of bear. He whistled and sang along his way, as care-free and happy as a small boy. Whenever he thought about the old man's talk on bears he always laughed. It was so amusing to a man who

knew bears as well as he did.

On an afternoon fifteen days after old Sam had voiced his opinion of outlaw grizzlies Gale was riding Sukey up the Granite Spring grade. He had been thinking deeply, and for a long distance he had ridden in silence. Sukey was plodding sturdily, mechanically, her head down and her eyes half shut, dozing as she walked. She had always been a pet with the man who raised her, and Gale, too, had won her affections. He treated the gentle, obedient animal kindly, and there was the best of understanding between them. Besides, Sukey had an unusually large supply of mule sense. The average mule is a

The Too-Confident Mail Carrier

By E. E. HARRIMAN

wise beast, far more so than a horse, and is much less likely to injure itself in a panic.

As Sukey plodded Gale noticed the odd-shaped, horizontal tree just ahead. He looked at it, as he always did, with a half-formed desire to get down on it among those branches and sway in the mountain wind. Looking at it always made him feel dreamy.

Just as Sukey came directly above the tree she jerked her head up, flipped her big ears forward and snorted. Gale came to life with a jerk and lifted his gaze from the tree below to the trail above. Then he gasped and tightened his grip on the reins. His preconceived notions regarding California bears went tumbling. Before him on the trail, heading away from him up grade, lumbered the biggest thing in fur that he had ever seen. Sukey halted, trembling, and her second snort outdid the first one. The bear stopped and looked over his shoulder. Gale drew in a big breath and yelled and waved his hat. It was a good yell, a full-grown and vigorous one. By all the rules this yell, together with the wildly brandished hat, should have sent the bear scurrying off up the trail at his best pace. That it did not accomplish the desired result disconcerted Gale. Instead of running away in a fright, the bear growled, rose on his hind legs and pivoted round to face mule and man. Then he dropped to all fours again, sniffed, growled and charged.

Gale saw the monster coming and knew he was making good time. Sukey was facing up grade where the trail was at its narrowest. What to do he did not know, but something had to be done quickly. Sukey solved the problem for him. With a wild snort she cowered, half sat and reared with a quick turn to the right. Her rump struck solid rock, checking her turn and half-upsetting her. In sheer desperation, unable to get her balance and replace her forefeet on the trail, she leaped from her hind feet straight out.

Gripping hard with his knees, Gale held the reins and felt the upward rush of air across his face. A lightning-swift thought flitted across his brain regarding the landing place below. Then a sharp shock and a jarring stop changed his thought. Twigs and small branches whipped and scratched and gouged his face and body. A teetering motion succeeded the jar of abrupt landing. Sukey grunted from the impact, struggled once, then lay still.

Green leaves enveloped them. A small stone rattled down from the trail. Gale twisted in the saddle and looked up. A savage face looked down from the trail at him. Little, glaring pig eyes took in every detail of the situation. A huge paw armed with claws as long as Gale's fingers tested the edge of the trail to see if a heavy body could safely pass over it to the tree. Then the bear turned away with a deep growl and hurried down the grade. Gale drew a breath of relief and began to wonder if he should feel relieved or not, stuck there on a tree midway between the trail and the slope below.

SUKEY had landed fairly along the trunk. Her legs had slid down at each side, and many strong branches had locked her body in their tough, springy embrace. She could neither climb nor fall out of her position. Her weight had merely brought the trunk down to a level.

A scrambling rush below made Gale look down. The bear had come round from the trail to the dirt slope under the tree. Here he rose on his hind legs and tried to reach the mule. His great paws fanned the air ineffectively below the steel-shod hoofs.

Gale studied the bear for a moment and saw that his rage was increasing. There could be no hope then of his leaving soon. The smacking, champing jaws slavered below him, and the pig eyes grew red with hate. He was sure there was strength enough within that furry hide to equal that of half a dozen mules.

What to do and how to do it was the question. Neither he nor Sukey cared to lodge in the tree indefinitely. He reached back and felt under the mail bag. There hung a belt axe in a leather sheath; he was carrying it out to an eighteen-year-old boy fourteen miles along his route. Would it help any? He could not quite see how it could. The handle was only a short one, and he knew how expert a boxer any bear is.

For twenty minutes he sat there listening to the beast below and trying to devise some way of discouraging its attack. Then he untied the axe from his saddle strings, slipped its small head into his pocket, with the handle under his belt, and carefully crawled off Sukey. He went off over her head and neck, his feet swinging under to touch the tree,

Under Two Flags—Now One

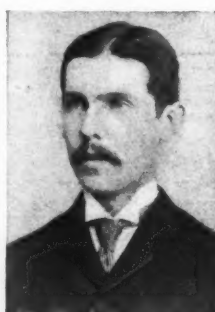
By M. A. DEWOLFE HOWE

As one who through nearly thirty out of nearly forty years of editorial work has alternated his allegiance between the offices of The Youth's Companion and of the Atlantic Monthly, I cannot help feeling entitled to a special satisfaction in seeing these offices made one, under a single roof. Perhaps, through mere antiquity, I am entitled also to some indulgence in reminiscence.

Let me, then, recall an incident of my early association with The Companion office. Fresh from college, and with a handwriting more legible than that which time has spared to me, I was called upon to write many editorial letters in my own script. The Companion, be it said, was among the last of periodicals to admit the typewriter as a respectable medium for editorial correspondence. It was still in the days when every letter was written by hand that a matron old enough to be my mother appeared at the door of an editorial room up four flights of stairs—no elevator—in Temple Place, holding in her hand a communication from The Youth's Companion and announcing, "I want to find the writer of this beautiful letter."

I had risen to greet her and, looking at the missive she bore, saw that I had written it in returning a manuscript, and admitted as much. The horror with which she recoiled, the note of disappointment in her exclamation, "You!" are vivid memories to this day. But I prided myself then, as I do now, on having assumed already the tone of patriarchal wisdom which led my visitor to expect in her correspondent at least the outward aspect of a sage with a long gray beard and black skull-cap.

There is an old definition of the word *lad*—"a boy with a man's hand on his head." In some such way, I am afraid, The Companion regarded boys in the days of my early attempts to adopt its tone. That tone, I often thought, pervaded the pages of the paper too strongly and too long for its advantage. But the Rollo books had set a fashion which, like



Mr. Howe in 1888, when he shocked the old lady visitor by looking so young

Charles II, was "an unconscionable time a-dying."

Indeed, the managing editor of The Youth's Companion when I joined its staff, the warm-hearted and prolific Hezekiah Butterworth, did his share toward continuing the Rollo tradition in his long series of travel books for young people, The Zigzag Journeys. At the same time it happened that the editor of the Atlantic Monthly, Horace E. Scudder, was producing his more sophisticated and painstaking Bodley Books, recounting the travels of a family in many regions. One can hardly recall without a smile the circumstance that when a newspaper item made the statement that "Hezekiah Butterworth" was a nom de plume of Horace E. Scudder Mr. Butterworth and Mr. Scudder were equally indignant.

But, in spite of this little confusion, The Companion and the Atlantic had much in common. Manuscripts unsuited to one of these periodicals kept finding their way into the other. Especially in the field of fiction and poetry, their contributors used often to be identical. The fact is that the two periodicals—The Companion now in its hundredth year, the Atlantic in its seventieth—have long been making parallel, if quite different, contributions to the enrichment of American life. The younger Atlantic, perhaps indeed because of its thirty years of juniority, has in many ways more notably kept pace in recent decades with the modern spirit in its soundest expression. Its centennial Companion, perhaps through its new association with a younger comrade, is now renewing its own youth. Age and youth have always had much to learn from each other, and never more than now. It is only crabbed age that cannot live with youth.

Seeing the two objects of my old loyalties joining hands as they have done, I chew the comforting cud of reminiscence and, taking heart from a past that flourished under both flags, look forward with confidence to a future under one.



Mr. Howe as he looks today

Editor's Note—Mr. Howe was Associate Editor of The Youth's Companion from 1888 to 1893, and from 1899 to 1913. He was Assistant Editor of the Atlantic Monthly from 1893 to 1895, and is now Vice-President of the Atlantic Monthly Company. Among the many books he has written is The Life and Letters of Barrett Wendell, which won the Pulitzer Prize for the best American biography of 1924.

while both arms hung across her crest. He crept out as far as he dared, the tree sagging a great deal as he moved.

Soon he was locking both legs about the trunk, in among the limbs, while he worked the axe free and began to chop. He cut a limb off close to the trunk and trimmed a club. It was three feet long with a bunch where it had joined the trunk at least three inches thick. The small end was about right for a large hand, and Gale's hands were large.

With the club in his right hand he lay along the trunk on his stomach and dared the bear. *Ursus horribilis* accepted the challenge. In a moment he was directly underneath, reaching for Gale. A slight hump in the rock had raised itself there, and it had caught the falling soil from above. The result was the building of a dormer effect on the slope. This gave the bear fully as good a chance as he had had under Sukey, and the further bending of the tree had made it better.

However, Gale allowed no legs to dangle,

as Sukey's did, which put the advantage in his hands. Now the bear's nose, when he lifted it, was within the sweep of the club. Three times Gale tried to reach that sensitive tip, and each time he had hard work to save his club. He paused to think, and the bear stood there below and dared him to try again. Presently he shifted position, placed his club in safety and unlaced one of his heavy mountain boots.

Holding the boot by the leg, he resumed his former position and swung it. The bear struck at it, missing it by inches. Gale let it swing once more. Again the bear struck and missed. Gale chuckled. At his limit the bear lacked a good six or seven inches of reaching the leather. Gale could reach a foot or more beyond the boot with his club.

Bringing the club up, ready for a blow, he swung the boot under it. The bear struck for the third time. As his right paw went past the boot the club came down. The thick, heavy butt landed on the sensitive nose. The

bear dropped to all fours, sneezed, rubbed his nose and came up again for another trial.

Again Gale repeated the trick, and again he landed hard on that nose. Now the bear raged as he had not done before. He was in a blind fury and struck as often as he saw the boot swing. At least three times out of five Gale landed on that nose.

Snorting, sneezing, rubbing his nose violently, the bear raved and ranted about what he would do to Gale when he got him. Gale grinned down at him and hurled threat for threat.

"Keep it up, old cattle-killer. I'll mellow your snout for you. Whang away, you old rascal. You miss, and I land. Wonder how long you will stand having the most sensitive part of your anatomy pounded to pulp. Wish I'd had sense enough to pack a forty-five. Where would you be by now if I had? Meat. Just meat is all you would be. How do you like that? There's another love tap. How does it suit you? You keep asking for it. Here comes another, huh! Got you good that time, didn't I? If you don't like it, just get out of here. I'll keep on whanging away at you until you get tired of it and go; I promise you that."

AFTER a time Gale stopped talking and just struck and struck. The outlaw bear held out for a long time, but after a while it began to dawn on him that he was getting stung often without making any return. He sidled away a few feet, rubbed his sore nose and eyed Gale malevolently. Gale kept perfectly quiet.

Twice the bear growled savagely and made as if to return, but each time his nose seemed to sting him, and he stopped to rub it and grumble over its unwonted condition. Then he started off, stopping to look back every few yards. After he had reached a point fifty yards distant he made up his mind definitely and struck off up the canyon, deeper into the range. Gale drew a deep breath of relief and sat up.

"Just keep right on going, you old villain," he said. "I've seen all I want to of you for today. Next time we meet I'll have a gun hanging to me, and I'll show you some fine points in throwing lead. Oh, hum, Sukey! How in thunder am I going to get you down or up from here? I haven't any tackle. Reckon it's up to you to take a roll and flop, old girl. Now hold still, old girl, while I work past your neck and crawl over your body. Steady, Sukey. Whoa, girl! Fine and dandy, Sukey. Couldn't kick if you wanted to, could you now? All right, Sukey. Just sit tight while I investigate these root anchorages. Ye-es. I reckon I can do it without smashing you. Steady, Sukey, and mind your eye, for I'm going to cut a guy wire."

A root snapped under a clip of the axe. The tree sagged a couple of feet and swung a little toward the cliff. Gale studied the roots, some of which wandered across bare rock to fasten in other crevices.

"Here we are, Sukey. I'll clip another and let you swing back straight again. There you go, and all lovely. Just the same you're on your way to stand on your head, Sukey."

So he worked, carefully judging which root to cut each time. As he clipped, the tree swung first one way, then the other, always dropping lower, till the mule's tail was high above her head. She was snorting and struggling a little at times, but really acted quite sensibly.

"Now, Sukey, for the grand smash. See how good you are at turning a flip," said Gale at last, swinging the axe for a blow.

The keen edge sank in to the main root that held the trunk from its upper side. Fibres snapped and stretched. A second blow, delivered quickly, severed the bulk of the fibres, and the rest broke. Down to the dirt-covered rock dormer swept the tree. Out from among its branches rolled the mule, partly end on, but with a roll to the right.

She hit the dirt, slewed a little in her turn, bringing her feet downhill, and came up standing. She shook herself violently, blew her nose and reached for a tuft of grass. Gale, clinging to roots on the rock cliff, laughed. Then he took hold of the hanging tree and slid down it.

"Can't faze you a bit, can they, Sukey?" he said as he walked over to the mule. "Let's see. Mail bag all right, saddle unhurt; only two or three tiny scratches on your legs. Pretty good. Here we go, Sukey."

He swung into the saddle and turned the mule down the canyon to get back on the trail. He grinned ruefully. "Have to apologize to old Sam, sure as shooting. He called the turn, and the grizzly proved his case. An outlaw grizzly has no point of resemblance to any black bear on earth."

The Match Player

By ARTHUR STANWOOD PIER

ANYTHING that a fellow thoroughly enjoys doing he usually learns to do pretty well. It was no doubt sheer delight in playing tennis rather than any pronounced natural ability that had enabled Fred Osborne by the time he had reached his junior year to win recognition as one of the two or three best tennis players in Harvard College. In the autumn of that year he was defeated in the finals of the tournament for the college championship by John Carr, a senior, in a close five-set match. In the semi-finals Carr had won an equally close match with another senior, Ralph Conway; the question whether Osborne or Conway should rank second to Carr was therefore unsettled. That it was a question of importance which would have to be decided the next spring Osborne was fully aware; then a tennis team consisting of the two best players in the college would represent Harvard in both singles and doubles in the annual tennis match with Yale College. And Fred Osborne, who could not expect to win any other athletic distinction, fervently hoped to be chosen as the second member of the tennis team.

During the winter his efforts to improve his tennis form provoked many derisive comments by his roommate, Tom Willis. For fifteen minutes every day Osborne would bat a tennis ball against a wall of the room from which he had removed the pictures; he told Willis that the exercise strengthened one's wrist and improved one's backhand stroke. Willis said that it did not improve the wallpaper, but Osborne pointed out that he placed all his shots skillfully in a small area which could always be covered by pictures. Willis scoffed at the notion that such indoor practice could be of the slightest benefit to one's game.

"You're coo-coo on tennis, just coo-coo," he observed.

He was himself a real athlete, a football player and crew man, and it was natural that he should look on his roommate's trivial interests with some disdain.

Yet, although Tom would not admit it, he had desired to see Osborne make the tennis team; it would please the bespectacled non-athlete. And when at last spring came and Osborne was actually once more playing tennis outdoors and Willis was rowing on the river the big fellow often showed a flattering interest in the other's game.

"Why don't you challenge Conway to play with you some time and show him right now where he gets off?" he demanded. "Establish your superiority over him early; give him an inferiority complex."

"It might work out the reverse way," Osborne said. "Still I'll try it."

He reported the following evening that he had approached Conway and been rebuffed. "Silly sort of beggar," he said. "Told me he'd play me some time, not now."

"He probably thinks you're playing better than he is, and he doesn't want to take you on till he's had more practice. It shows he's afraid of you—and that's a good thing."

"He was so stuffy and offish when I went to him that I guess now I'll let him make the next move. He made me feel I'd been fresh to address him at all."

"Sure, that was his way of trying to establish his superiority over you. The guy has brains." Willis opened his notebook, took out his fountain pen, and then before settling down to the evening's study added one final word. "Don't let him give you the idea that in comparison with him you're a worm."

A few days later Osborne received a notification from Sam Goodwin, the chairman of the tennis committee, that he and Conway should arrange together within a week to play a three-set match, the winner of which, with John Carr, would represent Harvard against Yale. Osborne waited a day for Conway to make the advance; the second day, however, meeting him on the street, he asked him when he would be ready to play.

"Day after tomorrow, at three," Conway replied curtly and passed on.

On the day of the match, when the two contestants met at the courts and found no member of the tennis committee there to receive them, Conway expressed his indignation.

They tossed for court and then for a few



ILLUSTRATION BY DOUGLAS LUCER

minutes exchanged practice shots. "I'm all ready if you are," Osborne said at last. Conway walked to the base line and served a ball. "Fault!" called Osborne. "No, that was just a practice serve," Conway said. "Ready now?" "All right," came the reply.

OSBORNE had felt a little surprised when Conway had announced his first serve was merely a practice serve; as the set proceeded the unpleasant suspicion that his opponent was seizing every opportunity to crowd him introduced itself into his mind. After Conway served a fault, he allowed little time for Osborne to prepare to receive the second ball; on the other hand, twice when Osborne served a ball beyond his opponent's reach, Conway protested that he had not been ready, and the point was played over. And Osborne felt he had reason to question several decisions that Conway made on balls close to the line. But he kept silent.

Nevertheless, he won the first set, six games to four. He resolved, as he passed to the opposite court, to win the second set speedily and have the disagreeable experience over with as soon as possible. The resolve, the impatience that it fostered and the increasing annoyance that Conway's methods caused him affected his play; he became erratic and unsteady, and it was not he but Conway who won the second set in short order, six games to two.

Realizing with the opening game of the third set that it was Conway's intention to hurry him, he took his time in moving into position; he recovered his normal steadiness of play and soon was leading, two games to one and forty-three on the fourth. "One more point," he thought, "and I'll have him three-one, and then I'll make a runaway match of it."

He served a swift ball that he thought struck exactly in the corner of Conway's court—a ball that Conway could not reach.

"Fault," called Conway imperturbably.

Osborne set his lips and served a second ball, a slow ball that Conway slammed down the side line, making the score deuce. The next two points and the game went to Conway, and the score, instead of being three games to one in Osborne's favor, was tied at two games all. Thereafter each player won his service game until the score stood six to five, Conway leading. By that time Osborne was inwardly seething with fury. He was

"You—" Conway dropped his racket and stood with clenched fists

certain that his opponent had appropriated two more critical points—one by calling a ball out that had struck the line, and the other by demanding that a point be played over after Osborne had called a ball out.

With the games six to five against him in the deciding set, Osborne, serving, made the score forty-fifteen. Then he swung too soon in his effort to kill a high lob, and sent the ball a foot outside. Forty-three; he must not let Conway bring this game to deuce.

He settled himself to serve; he decided not to run to the net. His ball was a swift one, well over into the corner of his opponent's court; Conway returned it but was left out of position. Osborne drove it then to the other side-line and had the satisfaction of seeing it strike the tape.

"Out!" called Conway.

"No, that struck the tape," declared Osborne. "I could see it perfectly."

"It looked out to me," insisted Conway. He walked over and studied the spot where the ball had struck. "There's no mark; we'd better play the point over."

"Of course there isn't; it hit the tape."

"I was in as good a position to see as you. We'd better play it over."

Unwilling to wrangle with Conway, Osborne acquiesced; his silence, however, did not mean that he had achieved self-control. He served with all his might; the ball went into the net. He served a second ball as hard as the first and with the same result. He moved a step to the left and again put all his strength into his service; the ball was a fault. Once more—double fault; Conway's vantage. On the next point Conway returned a slow serve sharply down the sideline out of Osborne's reach; game, set, and match for Conway.

The victor silently collected the four balls and silently presented them to Osborne, who stood by the net waiting to receive them.

"You won't find it so easy to win at Yale," Osborne suddenly blazed out. "They'll have linesmen there."

"You—" Conway dropped his racket and stood with clenched fists; Osborne dropped racket and balls and confronted him. After a moment he shrugged his shoulders and picked up his racket. "It wouldn't prove anything if I were to maul you with my fists," he said calmly. "This"—shaking the racket—"is the thing I'm going to lick you with." At that Osborne caught up his own racket as if to defend himself, and then Conway smiled grimly. "No, I'm not going to spank you—though you need it. This match today doesn't count. Tomorrow I'll play you to see who goes to Yale—and you'll get two linesmen and I'll get two; and I'll give you the worst licking of your life."



Walking slowly and heavily to his room, Osborne acknowledged to himself that his handling of the situation had been anything but brilliant. He ought to have stood on his rights at the moment when he knew they were being violated, instead of sputtering and making caustic remarks afterward. Or else he ought to have nerved himself to beat the fellow in spite of the unfair decisions.

THAT evening he gave Willis an account of the match and its sequel.

"I don't blame you much if you didn't show the best of judgment," Willis said. "Most fellows would probably have done what you did. You've got to beat him tomorrow, of course—and you mustn't let yourself feel now that he's established his superiority over you; that's not the right frame of mind at all, Fred."

"I know it, and I want to beat him, but I guess I can't play my best game unless I'm really having a good time playing. And there won't be any fun in that game tomorrow."

"Yes, there will too. You'll have the best fun you ever had in your life beating that lobster. I'm excused from rowing tomorrow afternoon; I'll come and act as a linesman."

The following day at three o'clock Osborne, accompanied by Willis and Frank Randall, who had also agreed to contribute his services as linesman, set off for the tennis courts. He felt uncomfortable in mind, not at all keen and eager for the game, as he had always hitherto felt.

Confronted at the court by Conway, who, unsimiling, hostile, held out four new balls to him, and silently spun his racket for choice of court or serve, he felt subdued, abashed. Conway's two friends were looking at him curiously. Conway had of course told them that he had won the match only to have his opponent make unsportsmanlike complaints afterwards.

The linesmen took their places, the players exchanged practice shots for a while; Osborne finally said, "Ready?" and Conway nodded. It was Osborne's service, and he counted on usually winning his service game, but this first one he lost after it had gone to deuce, and Conway, serving, took the second game at love. Osborne then began to play better, but his rallies were fitful and not long sustained. Conway won the match, 7-5, 6-4, without ever questioning a linesman's decision.

After the last point had been played Osborne picked up the two balls that were on his side of the net and handed them to Conway, whose property they were. Conway took them, and as he did so he remarked in tones audible to the four linesmen who had drawn near, "Now I'm through with you."

Immediately he turned his back on Osborne and walked away, accompanied by his two friends, whose quiet laughter indicated their approval of the winner.

Hot and flushed though he already was from his efforts, Osborne felt the blood rush to his face; he stood silent. Willis and Randall showed their chagrin. "You let him get away with everything!" Willis said reproachfully. "It's too bad, Fred; you weren't on your game today."

"I know it," Osborne inserted his racket

into its case. "When I don't enjoy a game I can't play it."

"You had a moral duty to lick him," insisted Willis. "You ought to have risen to it, instead of letting him go off at the end with his head in the air, while you stood dumb."

"Gosh, Tom, don't rub it in. What would you've said after that farewell remark?"

"Me? I'd have said if he ever did try to speak to me I'd knock his block off."

"You could have said it. But it would have been sort of absurd, coming from me."

"Never mind. Have the nerve to be absurd. A fellow who has too much sense of humor has too little sense of his own importance. That's one trouble with you."

"Where do you get all the psychology stuff, Tom?" asked Randall; and Willis answered gravely: "Mixing with men like you and Fred. That's what does it."

For the next day or two Osborne brooded at intervals over the defect in his character that the episode with Conway appeared to have unmasked. Did it mean that he really didn't have enough strength of mind or will to put through successfully a distasteful piece of work?

His match with Conway had taken place on Tuesday; on the following Thursday Sam Goodwin, the chairman of the tennis committee, came to see him.

"Have you heard about Carr?" Goodwin asked. "He was taken with appendicitis and operated on last night. He's coming on all right, but naturally he won't be able to play against Yale on Saturday. I've talked with the other fellows on the committee, and we all agree that you'll have to go as second man."

"I'll do my best. Does Conway know?"

"Yes. I understand that you and he have had some kind of a row; I told him he was to forget it, at least for the time being, and I tell you the same. He's to be captain of your team, and you and he will have to do the best you can together."

Whatever misgivings the announcement brought to Osborne, he found it easy to put aside in the exhilaration of knowing that he was to play for Harvard against Yale.

The expenses of the trip were to be paid by the Harvard College Athletic Association. On Friday morning Osborne received from the management a railroad ticket entitling him to a reserved seat on the afternoon train to New Haven. When a few minutes before train time he entered the Pullman car, he found Conway occupying the next seat to his. Conway glanced at him as if he were a stranger and looked away. During the trip to New Haven he and Conway did not exchange a word.

At the New Haven station, Conway was the first to descend to the platform. Osborne, following, saw two young men, Yale students evidently, greet him; then, as he himself stood looking about uncertainly, one of the strangers stepped up and said to him, "Are you Mr. Osborne?" Then he introduced himself as Winslow and his companion as McCoy, and Osborne knew that he had met the two members of the Yale tennis team.

Winslow and McCoy escorted the visitors to an automobile; Winslow took the driver's seat, and Conway got in beside him, while McCoy and Osborne climbed in back.

"We'll take you to the hotel, and then you must have supper with us," said McCoy. "We were sorry to hear about your man Carr—hope he's getting on all right. Have you two fellows played together much?"

"No," said Osborne. "In fact, never."

"Winslow and I teamed up for the first time last week," McCoy said. "So we haven't any great advantage there."

After leaving their bags at the hotel, the visiting players were driven to one of the fraternities, where they had dinner with McCoy and Winslow and a number of other Yale students. They spent the evening with these new acquaintances at a moving-picture show and never betrayed the fact that they were themselves not on speaking terms.

Osborne's match with McCoy was scheduled to begin at half past ten o'clock the next morning. At eleven o'clock, on the adjoining court Conway and Winslow were to play. The doubles match was set for three o'clock in the afternoon and would be of little or of great interest, according to the results of the two singles matches.

It was a fine warm morning, sunny and without wind; Osborne took the court against McCoy feeling in the best of spirits. He found his opponent steady, but not versatile, a good ground-coverer, sure in his returns, but lacking swiftness and sharpness of stroke; he was the kind of steady, hard-working player that Osborne, brilliant and hard-hitting, could always beat when he was at the top of his game. And on this morning he

was at the top of it, and enjoying every moment of it. He had already won the first set, 6-3, when Winslow and Conway began to warm up on the next court; he took the second set, 6-4, and McCoy congratulated him.

"You certainly do put the ball away for keeps with that forehand drive of yours," McCoy remarked, as they entered the clubhouse. "Winslow and I will have to put them to your backhand this afternoon."

"I was hitting them pretty well for me," Osborne said modestly. "This afternoon as likely as not I'll be way off my game."

So apprehensive was he of a disastrous result from his partnership with Conway that he hoped most heartily on emerging from the clubhouse he should find his teammate well along on the road to victory. If Conway won his singles, a poor showing in the doubles would not be important.

But Conway was not winning. He was pitted against a player whose hard, twisting service and slashing strokes were too much for him, and, though he made a gallant effort by his net play, which was the most effective feature of his game, he was beaten in straight sets, 7-5 and 6-4.

While McCoy jubilantly accompanied his teammate and Conway into the clubhouse, Osborne remained outside. He supposed the Yale men would wonder at his neglect to attend his defeated partner, but it would be better that they should wonder over it than have an opportunity to observe the relations that actually existed between him and Conway. In a few moments McCoy reappeared; then Osborne told him that he was going back to the hotel to rest and get into good condition for the match in the afternoon.

"But Conway's lurching with Winslow and me; you'll come, won't you?"

Osborne hesitated; he supposed that his Yale friends were intending to take him and Conway again to the fraternity, where they

and said, "Conway and I aren't speaking to each other; for the moment I forgot."

Conway addressed Winslow imperturbably. "At Harvard this year we're not going to do very well in track, I'm afraid. No good sprinters—though we have a couple of men who are good in the field events."

Osborne felt that, though Winslow and McCoy were too well-bred to exhibit surprise or annoyance at the behavior of their guests, they were hardly less glad than he when the meal came to an end. He was aware that they rose from the table as soon as possible.

They shook hands with him, and Conway promised to be ready to play at three o'clock and left them at the door of the restaurant. Conway crossed the street to the farther sidewalk and walked to the hotel, while Osborne followed a few paces behind.

Osborne sat in a comfortable chair in the hotel lobby and tried to take some interest in watching the people who passed in and out; but his sense of satisfaction, which had been so agreeable during and after his match with McCoy, had vanished.

Osborne expected a crowd, and he was not disappointed. When at five minutes before three he followed McCoy and Winslow out on the court, he found it surrounded with Yale undergraduates. A few ladies were among the spectators; the tennis match had been well advertised. Osborne exchanged practice shots with his two opponents; presently Conway appeared and joined in the warming up exercises. Then Conway and Winslow tossed for court. Conway won and without consulting Osborne made his choice. He himself took the left hand court, again without consulting his partner.

Osborne received the first ball, one of Winslow's twisting, high-bounding serves. He drove it hard into the net. Conway had no better success with his return. The Yale men won the first game with little effort.

Conway gathered up three balls and took

game but lost the game following it; then Osborne served again, and again succeeded in winning his game. With the score five-three against them, he began to feel they might after all have a chance, but Winslow's hard twisting service soon put the Yale men within a point of the set. Forty-fifteen; Osborne stood ready to receive the ball. It bounded spinning to his backhand; he put up a feeble lob to McCoy who smashed it far out of his reach.

Turning to pick up the ball, Osborne wished that Conway and not he had been responsible for the loss of that last point of the set. His only satisfaction lay in the knowledge that on the whole Conway had been playing no better than himself.

Then, as they were changing courts, Conway stepped up, put his arm across Osborne's shoulders, and said: "Old man, we can lick them if we'll only feel right about each other. I'm sorry. Now let's go. What say?"

Osborne's smile flashed as he answered, "Captain, I'm with you."

It was a different team in spirit that the Yale men faced that second set. Once more Osborne was playing tennis with a joyful heart. And Conway's game showed a steadiness and a sureness that it had lacked before. Winslow's service was still puzzling. Osborne was not better able to smash high lobs than he had been, Conway's backhand strokes continued to be weak; nevertheless, the effectiveness of the Harvard team's game seemed to increase; talking to each other encouragingly, making light of each other's errors, they won the second set 6-4, and rapidly went into the lead in the third and final set. At four-two they seemed within easy reach of victory, but Winslow with his powerful serves made the score four-three, and then Conway, serving, weakened and the score was tied. The next game was the hardest fought and most exciting of the match; over and over again Osborne, playing the right-hand court, made the score advantage out by returning McCoy's serve with a brilliant drive, and over and over again Conway in the left-hand court made a weak return that enabled the Yale men to bring the score again to deuce. "Never mind, old man," Osborne said to him. "We'll get them yet." And again he slammed McCoy's service, a swift drive across court, and again it was Conway's chance. This time Conway sent a sharp backhand chop; the ball struck the ground at McCoy's feet as he came running in, and McCoy hit it into the net.

Osborne prepared to serve; Conway handed a ball to him and said, "Now we're all set; with you serving we can't lose." Never had Osborne's eye and hand worked together better than they did in that game; every serve seemed a white streak that cut close to the opponent's service line and always inside it; the first two serves Winslow and McCoy failed to return; the next two they sent back in easy fashion to Conway who at the net smashed the ball clear out of reach. Thus the set and match ended, with victory for Harvard.

Osborne wondered if the truce with Conway was to be only temporary. In the train going home Conway talked to him in a manner that left him in no doubt on that point.

"You thought I'd done you out of that first match we played," Conway said. "There were a lot of close decisions, and when they were mine to make I gave myself the benefit of the doubt and expected you to ask to have the point played over if you weren't satisfied just as I asked you to play points over when I wasn't satisfied with your decisions. When I'm in a match game I play to win, and I don't concede anything. If there's an umpire, I never dispute a decision. If there isn't an umpire, I don't give any points away, and I don't expect to have any points given to me. Maybe you think that's poor sportsmanship."

"Well," said Osborne, evading a direct answer, "I'd rather be playing with you than against you—unless there's an umpire."

Conway smiled and laid his hand on Osborne's knee. "That's right; when you feel you're right, don't you concede anything either." After a moment he added, "I'm not so sure now it wasn't poor sportsmanship."

When Osborne told Willis the full story of the doubles match, Willis shook his head.

"I doubt if you'll ever be a good match player," he said. "You're too easily affected by things that shouldn't matter. Still, I'm glad Conway did the decent thing."

"So am I," said Osborne. "And as long as I enjoy a game I don't care much how good I am as a match player."

Announcement of Prize Award

SCHOOL EDITORS' CONTEST

On September 17, 1925, The Youth's Companion offered a prize of \$25 for the public-school publication that shows the best appreciation of (1) *News at school* and (2) *How the news should be written*. More than 150 publications were received. The judges, Mr. John Clair Minot, literary editor of the Boston Herald, Miss Alice M. Jordan, of the Boston Public Library, and Mr. Robert Kenneth Straus, assistant managing editor of the Harvard Crimson, have unanimously agreed to award this prize to

THE LEWIS AND CLARK JOURNAL

published every Wednesday during the school year by students of the Lewis and Clark High School, Spokane, Washington.

In making his report for the judges, Mr. Minot says: "All of the high-school papers came to me as something of a surprise, for my memory of the high-school publications of my own day is so very different. These modern school papers reflect no end of enterprise and journalistic ability."

Mr. Straus adds: "The Lewis and Clark paper, in front-page make-up, certainly outstrips any school paper I have ever seen, and many college publications as well."

The judges also warmly commend for honorable mention the John Adams Journal, from the John Adams High School of Cleveland, Ohio; the Brackenridge Times, from Brackenridge High School, San Antonio, Texas; and the Central High News, from Central High School, Minneapolis, Minn.

But every publication submitted has decided merit, and the final decisions were made after close comparisons of news presentation, headlines, general make-up and proof-reading.

The award for the best private school publication submitted is given to the Peabody Volunteer, published by the Peabody Demonstration School, Nashville, Tenn.

would lunch with a number of other fellows and be able to conceal their mutual dislike. So he accepted McCoy's invitation.

To his dismay he found that it was the intention of the Yale men to take their guests, not to the fraternity, but to a restaurant, where they would have a table for four.

"We can get a much better meal there," Winslow explained, "and I think we all of us can do with a pretty good lunch."

Osborne found that luncheon party an unpleasant experience. None of the others enjoyed it, and his sensitiveness to the fact that he was partly responsible for the discomfort of his kindly hosts made him miserable. He had tried at the beginning to talk freely and cheerfully, but by some mischance the conversation took a turn which compelled him to appeal directly to Conway to corroborate or substantiate a statement in regard to the time that a Harvard quarter-miler had made. Conway sat silent, with eyes fixed on the wall opposite. Osborne flushed, then turned to McCoy with a laugh

his place at the base line, ready to serve; Osborne established himself at the net.

After serving, Conway came running up; Winslow returned the ball, a high lob, over Osborne's head. The sun was in Osborne's eyes; moreover, smashing lobs was not one of the things in tennis that he did best; nevertheless, he tried to smash this lob, caught the ball on the rim of his racquet, and pulled it feebly to the ground. Both he and Conway played poorly that game and the next; the Yale pair were soon leading, three-love; then Osborne took up the balls to serve. He felt that with such a partner as Conway there was no use in trying; he wished that the match were over; he knew that he ought to play his best, regardless of his feeling about Conway, and he meant to do it; but the mental struggle did not assist him in his physical efforts. He did, however, serve well, and he and Conway won that game after it had several times gone to deuce. They made a stand on the next game, only to lose it finally; they won Conway's service

Bannerton Gunn's Cheese Cave

By C. A. STEPHENS

IT was the day the old Solomon Gunn farm was sold at public auction for unpaid taxes. The place had been abandoned for several years. Only a few persons, not more than twenty, had come to the auction.

The Old Squire and I had driven over to attend the sale, and somewhat incautiously I bid two hundred dollars for the farm and had it knocked off to me almost before I was aware. The Old Squire laughed, but said he guessed the place was worth that sum if it was worth anything, since there were thirty acres or more of young pine and seventy acres of former tillage extending back to the foot of a craggy hill.

After the auctioneer and the other buyers went away we lingered to look our purchase over and at last came up near the foot of the mountain that bounded the upper field on the north side. There, adjoining the upstanding crags, my attention was attracted by a large, oblong heap of stones that looked as if they had once been laid up in some sort of massive structure. Noticing that the Old Squire, who was walking on a few steps in advance of me, had stopped and was also regarding the heap thoughtfully, I asked if he knew what had formerly stood there. For a moment he was silent; then he replied that something laughable had once happened there, and on our way homeward he gave me the following account of it.

The Old Squire, it appeared, had known Solomon Gunn very well, and also his four sons, William, John, Bannerton and Solomon, junior, all of whom were born and had grown to manhood there.

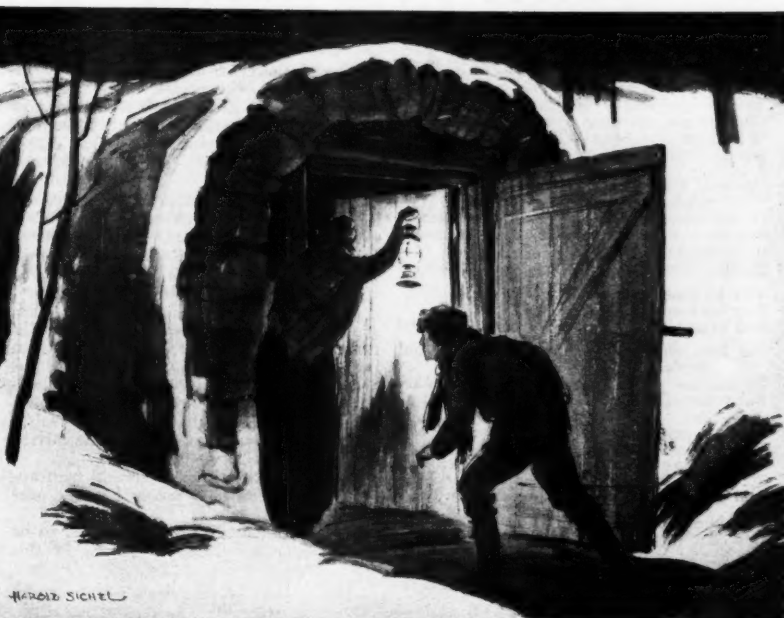
Bannerton was at home off and on for two or three years after he was twenty-one, when an ambitious idea took hold of him and led him to build that odd stone structure at the foot of the mountain.

The project was a queer one. Bannerton had walked to Portland to witness a Fourth-of-July celebration and went to the old Preble House for his dinner. During the meal he asked the waiter for cheese, expecting to receive the sort usually made in Maine. Instead the fellow brought him a small order of cheese wrapped in tinfoil. Bannerton inquired what kind it was and whence it came and told that it was called Roquefort and was made only in France. That was before American imitations of Roquefort had been put on the market. It was white, fine-grained and streaked throughout with tinges of a blue mould that imparted a piquant flavor that our Maine youth found delicious.

He questioned the waiter further about it, but learned only that it was expensive—a statement amply borne out by the charge made for it when Bannerton settled for his dinner; he had to pay twenty-five cents extra for the small slice. That excited his curiosity still more. He made inquiries at the hotel desk and at last was referred to "Shaw's," a wholesale grocery not far away.

AT Shaw's he gained further information concerning Roquefort—namely, that it was so called from the locality in France where it was made and also that the curds were prepared, not from cow's milk, but from the milk of ewes, which peasant women painstakingly drew from the udders of those small animals. The fine flavor was imparted to it by allowing the cheeses to cure or ripen slowly in caves, of which there were several in the limestone crags of that district. The peculiar blue mould seen in the cheese came from germs with which from long usage the caves were impregnated. These singular cheese caves, he was told, were connected with other caverns opening deeper beneath the crags, and cool air from these inner caverns aided in preserving a uniform temperature summer and winter in the caves where the cheeses, thousands of them, were set away for months.

Bannerton found all this highly interesting, and into the inventive mind of the young Yankee popped a grand idea. Why couldn't he make Roquefort cheese? His folks had long made new milch cheese at



DRAWING BY HAROLD SICHEL

"Faugh! Ce sacré animal!" she exclaimed

the Gunn farm, very good cheese too; they had also a large flock of sheep, the most of which were ewes. He doubted whether a man could milk ewes, but believed that certain of the neighboring farmers' daughters might be hired to assist. But how about the cave in which the cheese could be set to ripen, and how about that peculiar blue mould which imparted so ravishing a flavor to Roquefort? Here indeed was a problem.

But he bethought himself of a deep fissure in those crags bordering their upper field and remembered that it extended back to an unknown depth in the mountain and might perhaps supply cool air. It was, however, too narrow, jagged and tortuous to be used as a cheese cave. Then why not make a cave, or something answering to one, connected externally with that fissure?

Immediately he set to work with enthusiasm, prying out flat stones as large as a man could lift all along the foot of the crags and hauling them together on a stone drag. It was a week's job. Having finished, he addressed himself to the longer, more difficult task of building his cave. He understood the principle of the masonic arch, and, having constructed a framework of posts and plank, he began laying up the stones in a massive structure forty feet long, twelve feet wide and eight and a half high at the apex of the arched roof. He was two months about it. Considered as the handiwork of a young man without experience, it certainly was a remarkable effort; and the arched stonework stood firm after the form on which it was laid had been removed.

Then, since water during rains might trickle through the chinks between the stones of the roof, he procured cement and, making mortar of it, carefully filled all the crevices and in fact coated the arch completely over outside. Later to insure coolness in summer and warmth in winter he covered the entire structure with earth and turf to a depth of two feet or more. At the end abutting the crags it opened by an aperture into the fissure, and at the outer or entrance end there were two doors with an air space between them. Within the cave rows of shelves against the walls were arranged one above another, thus affording room, as the young inventor estimated, for setting away to cure a thousand twelve-pound cheeses. For his growing ambition now fired him to anticipate doing an extensive business in cheese-making.

The rest of the summer and fall he occupied largely in the preparations. Meanwhile he had found time for a trip to Portland, where he procured four pounds of the imported Roquefort to keep in the cave through the winter; for he had been told

that the germs, or spores, of the mould would gradually find lodgment on the stones or in the air of the cave and thus be communicated to the cheeses set away there.

BUILDING his cave was but the beginning of Bannerton's troubles. When at last he started cheese-making the following April he met with other difficulties. On the farm there were thirty-eight ewes, which he tried to milk or hire milked by hand. Their lambs had to be brought up on cow's milk in nursing bottles. Oh, the bleating there was at that barn! More than half the lambs died, and one after another of the girls whom he had hired to milk the ewes deserted him; they couldn't stand it. Only two witch-like old habitants from far up in Canada stood by him, though his mother helped as best she could. It appeared that ewes could not be milked by hand in America, whatever was done in France. Bannerton could not extract milk enough from his ewes to make three cheeses a week; and he and his patient old mother had untold difficulties in bringing sheep's milk to curds with such rennet as was used for cow's milk.

Later that season he began a study of the various kinds of cow's milk, feeling that certain of these might be artificially modified to resemble ewe's milk sufficiently to answer every requirement for making Roquefort. He read agricultural reports and found that cows of the Holstein breed—a new kind of cattle just then beginning to be kept by Maine farmers—yielded milk most nearly resembling that from ewes. Much against the elder Gunn's wishes, he mortgaged the farm to raise the sum of six hundred dollars with which to purchase twelve Holstein new-milch heifers. Cheese-making with the modified milk then went on apace.

The new departure was made in August, and on the first of November with his good old mother's aid Bannerton had rising a hundred ten-pound cheeses in the cave, ripening as he fondly hoped into American Roquefort. Six months or even a year might be required for the cheese to cure. During the winter cheese-making was suspended for a few months, since after the very cold weather came with snow it was necessary to keep the cave tightly closed and thus secure as uniform a temperature as possible.

When his cheese cave was sealed up for the winter Bannerton believed that it was frost proof, for the only opening in it was a small aperture fourteen inches square that led back into the fissure, and this he protected with a light netting of closely woven wire to keep out insects, mice and other vermin. More from a whim than as an

added precaution he had also "seeded" the fissure with Roquefort mould for fifty feet back among the overhanging ledges.

The full extent of this dark crack in the mountain had never been fully explored; nor has it to this day. It is a tortuous, black crevice wide enough at some points for a person easily to make his way in, but so narrow and jagged at others that even a hedgehog could barely squeeze through. For greater protection against the cold Bannerton covered it over above with green pine boughs for a hundred feet back from the cave and later threw on three feet or more of snow. The entrance in front he carefully battened and covered with bundles of straw. He had, he felt sure, guarded his preserve against any possible injury; and he had only now to let nature work in her own good way to yield him cheese—twelve hundred pounds of it!

But nature has many ways of working. Great storms occurred. By the middle of February three feet or more of snow lay on the cave, and a drift much deeper than that had formed all along the foot of the crags. The first thaw of the season set in on the twelfth of March and was attended by a copious rain. The rainfall continued for two days, and Bannerton grew anxious about his cheese cave. During the evening of the fourteenth he went up to it, taking old Adèle, one of the hired women, to hold the lantern for him. They put aside the snow and the wet straw and opened the entrance doors. A shocking odor greeted them: it was so bad that they hastily drew back. Then they heard low, grumbling, growling sounds inside the cave.

Holding up the lantern, the French woman peered in. Near the entrance to the fissure a squat creature, curiously marked, stood facing her. "Faugh! Ce sacré animal!" she exclaimed. "C'est un carcajou!"

Bannerton thought it was a bear and, closing the inner door, ran back to the house to get his gun. But old Adèle was right. The intruding beast was a carcajou, or wolverine, or glutton, by each of which names it is sometimes called. Before Bannerton could shoot in the obscurity it escaped.

OH, that cheese cave! The brute had devoured every cheese in it or had carried them all off to the depths and far recesses of the fissure. Only a few rinds lay scattered about. Worse still, the creature had defiled the cave beyond all hope of cleansing. Hunters and trappers in the north know what enormities one of those unclean and destructive animals is capable of perpetrating. This one probably had burst its way through the wire netting into the cheese preserve early in the winter and had gormandized at leisure on Bannerton's prospective Roquefort. Whether the cheese would have sold is uncertain.

The thing had its comic side, but the ineffable disgust of poor Bannerton can easily be imagined. His whole grand project collapsed, for Solomon, senior, now insisted emphatically that the scheme should be abandoned, the Holstein heifers sold and the mortgage on the farm lifted before they were all out of the house and home. Thus ingloriously terminated the first effort to imitate Roquefort cheese in Maine.

Of Bannerton Gunn's subsequent career I have learned only that later in the season he joined his brother John in Kansas and was agent awhile for the gang plow. Two years later he was reported to have invented a rapid corn-planter in Nebraska, but lost the patent rights on it after a vexatious lawsuit. The last I heard of him he had started an electric-lighted poultry farm at Seward, Alaska, and was selling eggs at one dollar and fifty cents a dozen. Evidently Bannerton was one of those native geniuses who are bound to start something somewhere.

His cheese cave, with its narrow portal gaping darkly, stood there for ten or twelve years, but was finally blown up by a party of young vandals who exploded half a keg of powder inside it on a Fourth of July.

Lost from the Fleet

By

GEORGE ALLAN ENGLAND

III. Away from the Ship

BOB'S heart gave a sickening throb. The drifting pack ice, liable at any time to be swept by devastating blizzards, offers scant hospitality to castaways. Yet in case of a ship sinking nothing remains but for all hands to take to the ice and trust to luck that some other steamer of the fleet—wide scattered over hundreds of square miles—may pick them up. The breaking of a main injection-pipe—the large-caliber pipe that furnishes sea water for the condenser—has sunk more than one ship. Few steamers have bilge pumps that can cope with the tremendous gush that follows such a break.

Noisy alarm swept the Invincible. Fore and aft the news ran like wildfire. Old Cap'n Sharp, for all his seventy years, scrambled down from the barrel and with huge fur coat flapping hurried below. He seemed to make hardly more than three jumps down the greasy iron ladder to the engine room. Skipper Joe hurried from the bridge and to the radio room. The whine of a message began to rise; first call to whatever ship was nearest to be ready for a battle with the ice toward the Invincible.

Bob, peering down the scuttle from a vantage point just abaft of the big red-and-black funnel, could see confused figures in the engine room, figures that moved and shouted. Smoky, red-flaring torches wavered. The clang of smitten iron resounded. Pumps groaned and shuddered. And, as the ship rolled slightly with the long swell in the ice, a dark and ever-mounting slosh of waters began frothing greasily over the gratings.

"Look like we'm in a bad fruz, dis time," Bob heard a sealer say. Men were crowding in beside him, along the edge of the half-opened scuttle. A voice answered:

"Us better pack our chists, I'm thinkin'. Mind how de Kittiwake went down in de ice, dis way, six year ago?"

"I 'low it'm good-by, old Invincible! Good-by, dis time!"

But the aged steamer was not yet destined to find a resting-place on the Atlantic floor, down deep below the ice fields. In spite of the fact that floods were pouring into her, that she had no chance of making any port and that she had no proper tools, the leak was stopped—stopped, too, in a way that did vast credit to Newfoundland resourcefulness and ingenuity.

"WE were saved from sinking, today," Bob wrote in his diary that afternoon, on the table under the cabin skylight, "by one of the cleverest repairs I ever heard of. A ten-inch pipe was broken, and the hold was being flooded. Our chief engineer, Mr. Mack, had the carpenter cut a heavy plank just long enough to drive in between a deck beam and the top of the pipe where it curved over, horizontally. This wedged the broken ends together, but still the water kept coming in. So Mr. Mack had the carpenter build a heavy box around the pipe, leaving a hole at the top. Then he had a barrel of hardtack brought down to the engine room, and stuffed the hardtack into the box.

"Our hardtack is in big oval cakes. When it is soaked in water it swells about double. So, by packing the box full of hardtack and nailing a board over the hole in the box, the leak was stopped in less than an hour. The hardtack swelled, making a mass about as hard as concrete. Of course some water kept coming in, but it's only what the pumps can handle easily. Captain Sharp says this repair will last all right till we get back to St. John's. These Newfoundlanders are great people for emergencies. Whatever happens, they always have a way of getting out of trouble. And they're not afraid of anything!"

Troubles in the engine room thus abated, life once more took up its usual routine aboard the sealer. Bob found himself getting into the swing of affairs. He helped the "ash-cats," or ashes gang, to dump buckets overside. He took an occasional trick at the wheel, but found half an hour at a time of that hard labor was quite enough for him. He volunteered to peel potatoes for the cook, who turned out to be a regular encyclopedia of sea songs, stories and quaint superstitions. True, the cook wasn't always easy to understand. He talked a singular dialect, but Bob caught at least the drift of it. Bob thought

it a rare treat to hear him chanting songs like this:

Good people, attention to what I will mention
Of a little blue hen dat I bought in de fall.
Some villain he stole 'er, to sharpen his molar,
A rascally scoundrel wid plenty of gall.
Dis hen, I did pride 'er, though often she'd
molder;
De universe round I would roam for 'er, then;
But some wicked savage to grease his white
cabbage
Walked off wid me dear little beautiful hen.

May his pipe never smoke,
May his teapot be broke,
And to add to de joke may his kittle not bile!

Dis hen, she had dozens of nephews an'
cousins;
De universe round I would roam for 'er sake.
But some wicked creature in form an' in fea-
ture,
He lifted me pullet, to sharpen his beak.
He left me sad-hearted, since me an' hen parted,
An' wore to a shadder, an' thin as a wren.
For dat sneaky shooler, his coppers to cooler,
Run off wid me dear little beautiful hen.

May himself an' his daughter
Half choke, drinkin' water,
And to add to de joke may his kittle not bile!

The carpenter, true to his promise, initiated Bob into the mysteries of "tallying-down." As soon as the day's catch was cool enough to stow, sealers dragged the pelts to the midships hatch and tossed them down. Bob, perched on the fife-rail, kept count with tally-stick and knife.

"Plop!" fell the skins, quivering with fat as they struck the 'tween-decks flooring, down in the place where the sealers bunked, lived and ate—a dismal place of darkness! For every five skins down Bob cut a notch in the corner of the stick; and for every twenty, a groove across it. But, oddly enough, this groove counted for twenty-one sculps, in reality, as an extra one was always thrown down to make full count. Chopped ice was also sprinkled on the skins—ice that was passed down in flat wicker baskets, from hand to hand. The man called this ice "salt."

Bob filled several sticks, which he carried to the captain.

"Good work, my son," the old man approved. "Couldn't do un no handier, me-self!"

And he put away the tally-sticks, to be joined later by many another. In this

way a count could be kept of the seals brought in.

"De only way to do un, y'see," the captain explained. "So many of our men can't read or write. But dem can all understand notches in a stick."

Next day toward four bells of the afternoon watch—two o'clock—the barrel-master on duty sighted another patch of seals. The sky was lowering, as if "wedder" impended, and the glass was falling, but this did not prevent a try for a good "rally" at the herd.

"Gunners an' dogs, get ready!" the captain ordered; for in addition to sending batsmen—men armed with gaffs—out for white-coats he had determined to put riflemen on the ice, to "swatch" old seals and shoot them on pans.*

"Over wid ye now, my sons, an' away!" rang the captain's voice from the bridge, as the ship slowed into heavy ice and stopped there.

BOB thought the sealers looked more like soldiers than ever, filing away from the steamer with rifles, gaffs and flags. Half a dozen expert shots had rifles, and forty or fifty carried flags. The rest were "dogs" and "batsmen," or the men with gaffs. None of the dogs, he noticed, carried their cartridge-bags slung over their shoulders. All bore them in their hands. The reason was obvious. To fall into a "rifter" between pans, with a bag of cartridges over one's shoulder, would be certain death. Plumb to the bottom one would go—and stay there. But, with the cartridge-bag in hand, it could be easily released, and the dog could scramble out on ice again. The mere fact of getting wet is nothing, to sealers. Hardly stopping to wring out their clothes, they plod right on.

Away from the ship, now brought to a halt, the men traveled in long, sinuous lines, winding among pinnacles and hummocks. Here and there, at strips of loose ice heaving in the swell, they jumped from pan to pan with daring agility.

Bob watched them as they made their way toward the long line of seals stretched out for many miles ahead of the steamer. He hardly knew which sight was the more stirring—the herd of "bedlamers," as the old seals are called, lying like a vast herd of cattle on the ice plain, or the little army of black-silhouetted men creeping away toward them.

"I'd like to go, fair beyand all!" the stow-away confided in Bob. "I knows how to handle meself, on de ice. I could go dog, all rate. But dem won't let me. Dat's 'cause I'm a stowaway. If I was you, dem'd let me!"

"Is it fun on the ice?" asked Bob, longing perhaps to get away from the dirt and grease and coal dust of the sealer.

"Yes, sir. I mean, huntin' is. But not workin'. I got to work now."

"Doing what?"

"Wid de ice gang, loadin' up."

As if to echo his words, one of the master-watchers called:

"Out, b'ys! Over, an' ice 'er up!"

Fifteen or twenty men went overside, some with axes, some with "tomahawks," as Newfoundlanders call a hatchet. Abram Sturge, the stowaway, was with them. While some of the men began chopping blocks from pinnacles, others formed a long line to the ship; others made a line up it, standing on the side-sticks with elbows hooked about the ropes. Presently, tossed from hand to hand, a steady stream of ice cakes was coming aboard.

"That looks like pretty good fun," thought Bob. A sudden longing came upon him to get out on the ice and have a look round, for himself. Abram's grin, from below, and a beckoning of his bare red hand, encouraged Bob. Clambering up on the bulwarks, and over, he seized one of the ropes, slid down, got his feet on a side-stick and stood for a moment peering below. Another slide brought him to the lower stick.

*The sealer's "dog" is a man or boy who follows him with a canvas bag containing cartridges and usually some hard bread. "Swatching" is shooting seals in "swatches," or lakes in the ice. Only picked men are allowed to shoot, as the seals must be hit in the head. A body-shot injures the pelt and is charged in cash against the ship's "bill," or earnings. Swatching seals involves the finest marksmanship and often exposure to very great perils.



DRAWINGS BY JOHN E. JACKSON

Bob followed his guide. He admired his agility in leaping crevasses and imitated him as best he could

Beneath him, loose pans rocked as the ship cradled lazily in the long swell that is almost always running in the pack. Bob had no spiked "swiny-woppers," or Eskimo skin-boots, but only ordinary arctic. Still, he took the chance. Watching his opportunity, he jumped to a pan. It swayed and sank beneath him, but he sprang to another, and in a second more to solid ice. His heart was beating a little fast over this novel experience, as he turned to look up at the high black wall of the ship's side that towered far above.

He walked to the line of men passing ice. "I'll take a hand here," he volunteered, to one of the men.

"All rate, sir. I'll go chop," the man answered.

Bob replaced the man in the line. And with catching the thrown cakes, swinging them, tossing them along he found himself all at once as busy as he had ever been in his life.

"Dat'll do, de ice!" rang a voice from the rail, in about a quarter-hour. Work stopped. Some of the men clambered aboard, but a few wandered off among the hummocks.

"Come along," invited Abram, the light of freedom in his brown eyes. "Me an' you have a look-see, round. Dere'm de best water you can scare, round dem pinnacles. Let's git a drink."

Bob followed him, not at all unwilling to stay a little longer on the ice. There was a fascination in getting clear of the ship, in walking over the gigantic floes that with a long, majestic undulation rose and fell. And down among some of the pinnacles, blue with wondrous, luminous color such as no painter ever put on canvas, lay little crystal pools, sparkingly beautiful beyond words. Kneeling, the boys drank deeply. Strange to believe, yet true, the water was almost as fresh as if from a spring.

Far, very far away to eastward, now began to sound a faint *pop-pop-pop!* as of corn kernels bursting over a hot stove.

"Dem into de fat," said Abram, listening.

"Wisht I was out dere!"

"So do I," agreed Bob. "It must be exciting, all right. But it wouldn't be exactly safe. I'm not used to the ice."

"Ho, it ain't nothin'! I been on de ice, lots times. Been swilin', off-shore, round Cape St. Francis."

"What did they take those flags for, with the ship's name on them?" asked Bob.

"To mark de pans. Piles o' sculps, sir. De gunners goin' way off from de ship. Can't tow in de swiles. So dem makes pans, an' marks 'em wid flags. De ship come along, soon as her can, an' pick up de pans."

"Jimminy, I'd like to see that."

"Well, kim along, sir. We'm got time to take a walk out dere."

"I don't know," objected Bob. "The ship might go away and leave us."

Abram shook a decided head.

"I hearn de boatswain say her goin' to bide two hours, anyhow, where she be to! Kim along!"

With some misgivings, but sorely tempted by the prospect of really getting a closer view of the seal herd and of the riflemen at work, Bob followed Abram off among the pinnacles. The Arctic ice fields that drift down from Greenland and the Labrador are not always flat, level sheets of ice; sometimes they look like miniature mountain chains, with ridges, hills and ravines like those on the surface of the moon, all wondrous ivory tints, blues, emeralds. Into this confusion the boys penetrated. And in a

very few minutes they had lost sight of all the men. As for the ship, nothing now showed of her but upper works, masts and rig.

Feeling that this was an adventure indeed, and now as indifferent to the cold as Abram himself, Bob followed his guide. Greatly he admired Abram's skill and agility in clambering round pinnacles, in leaping crevasses where the ice had parted to show bottomless black depths below. He imitated Abram as best he could. In a very few minutes the ship's masts had dwindled to tiny black sticks against the dulling, storm-bodded sky. But Bob thought little of this, for now the shots to eastward were echoing ever louder.

"Hello! Here'm a pan, already!"

Abram stopped, suddenly. Bob came up, panting a little. On a smooth expanse, among clumpers, he saw a considerable pile of skins. Scattered at various distances lay carcasses, from which red paths led to the pan. In the middle of the heap, a flagpole had been set up, guyed with four pieces of spun-yarn laced into the pelts. From the



And in a very few minutes they had lost sight of all the men

pole, one of the ship's flags was fluttering in a breeze now rapidly becoming fresher.

"An' dere'm a gaff, too!" rejoiced Abram, pointing.

"It's broken, though."

"Yes, but it'm a gaff, anyhow!" Abram picked up the gaff, the stick of which had been broken half off. "You take de rest of un, sir. Mebbe us find some whitey-coats, we-selves!"

Bob picked up the broken-off end of the stick, and weighed it in his hand. It made a very respectable club.

"But I wouldn't kill a white-coat, even if I found one!" he declared.

"Why not?" demanded Abram, staring with astonishment.

"Oh, I wouldn't. They look like such harmless little things. They'd make great pets, though."

"Dem wouldn't be pets, lang," the stow-away laughed. "Few weeks, an' dem kip you busy all day, ketchin' fish for 'em. An' de old dog-hood, him no pet. Him a bad un! 'Bout as bad as a water-bear, to run afoul of!"

"A polar bear, you mean?"

"Yes, sir. Water-bear. Well, kim along."

Bob glanced back at the ship, only the masts visible.

"I don't know," said he. "Don't you think we'd better be going back, now?"

"No, sir. Not yet."

"What's that flag up for?" Bob asked, spying a little flutter of bunting at the peak. "Is that a signal to come in, everybody?"

"Well, yes. But us got a power o' time. Dere'm men off a couple o' mile to leeward, yet."

"I think we'd better be going back," insisted Bob. "Looks to me as if snow was coming, or something, over there." He pointed where gray veils had suddenly blotted out the sky.

All at once, far across the white wilderness, a long shriek sounded. It rose, fell, died and came again, insistently.

"There's the siren!" Bob exclaimed.

"Storm coming, Abram. Let's get back."

"You go alone, den," retorted Abram, obstinately. "I'm goin' to bide here an' try to get a whitey-coat. I 'low I won't get nadder chanst like dis. Go on back if you'm want to, sir. But you'm got to go alone!"

TO BE CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

The Dominant Twin and the Burglar

By MELCENA BURNS DENNY

"THERE!" said my twin from the stepladder. "The secret portal is sealed, the secret gun is buried, the secret grease spots are hidden under pink and gray roses. Our dining-room is papered!"

"And we've spent the price of six music lessons," I reminded her.

Janet waved a lavish, paste-smeared hand. "Think what we've saved, Dorothy! A paper hanger would have nipped our musical career in the very bud. Wish we could paper the whole house. It's hideous. But look at my ceiling—not a miss! It's beautiful! But, oh, my neck! How it aches!"

"I just adore this wall paper!" I cried. "Aren't they the darlingest roses! Mother will love it. And grandfather too. This room will mellow him at breakfast time, every morning!"

"Hoot, mon!" replied Janet with marked incredulity. "He'll miss the old wall paper. He liked its grimness. Gray and green—"

"And grimy and cracked!"

"With that old joint of stovepipe sticking out at you—"

"The secret gun!" I shuddered.

"And that mysterious papered door into the stair closet—"

"The secret portal!"

"And that appalling picture done in grease where the Tobey baby pounded the wall with a chicken bone—"

Here my tired twin fell giggling from the stepladder into my arms. She is dainty, blond and soprano, while I am plump, literary and contralto. But it's because I'm brunette, I think, that I had always considered myself the dominant twin. I fanned her.

It is true that the events of the next thirteen hours proved Janet courageous and me a coward. But during the whole seventeen years of our lives I had said I and mine

while she said we and ours. I found it natural, somehow, to look out for Janet and make up her mind for her and keep her conscious that, though sweet, she was only a twin, and a blonde at that.

While I fanned her Janet gazed generously at my walls. "You didn't make a single miss except in that corner," she said. "Won't grandfather and mother be astonished that we could do this fine job without a single lesson from a paper hanger? They'll be home for breakfast, and the paste makes the walls so damp that we must build a good fire tonight and have the house warm."

"There's going to be a frost, I think."

JANET and I walked to the west windows and looked out on a clear California sky.

It was the third of November. The prune trees, stretching like a perfect lesson in perspective as far as the eye could see, were already bare. But near the house stood our group of fig trees, handsome as sycamores; white barked, big leaved, with purple-black figs still hanging. It was these trees that had yielded us our precious music money.

"Dorothy," groaned Janet, "frost is coming—I feel it. We can't lose even the last of the crop, or grandfather will say we failed to face our duty like true MacGregors. Come!"

We went.

The sun was close to setting. We were mortally tired, but the crop was ours. We had persuaded grandfather to let us have it on the same terms that he had offered to John, the Slavonian. We had done all the work ourselves, even the marketing. And the price our pretty, leaf-lined baskets of perfect fruit brought in the local market made

grandfather blink. I think he considered that we had got the best of him in a bargain, and he loved us the better for it.

Of course we had inherited no shrewdness from dear mother. She is not what grandfather calls "sensible." Her only talent is to keep the heart of the home warm, bless her. And for the seven years of her widowhood she had been doing that in grandfather's house. Now he was rewarding her with a fine trip to San Francisco.

"Dorothy," called Janet, peeping out like a wood nymph from her fig tree, "in our autobiography are you going to describe the fig trees that gave us our start in music?"

"Of course," I said and began immediately to plan how I should describe them. For I'm not quite certain yet which I shall be—a great concert singer or an author.

We really loved our corner of the orchard. It was mother who pointed out that fig trees have personality, poetry, tradition. Curses and blessings have rested on them since Bible times. Only one of our trees was cursed. It stood off wickedly by itself and refused to bear. But with scarcely a rest between the two fall crops the healthy milk-filled branches of our other trees put forth their hard little green figs continuously. Figs came curiously without bloom and grow bigger and bigger till at last they open their little windows to pollen-bearing, fig-loving insects and ripen deliciously.

Janet and I picked figs till it was so dark that we couldn't tell which were purple and which green. We were just carrying in the baskets when somebody came wabbling down the driveway on an old squeaking bicycle. It was Mrs. Tobey, fat and unsteady. We thought that she was coming to

spend the night with us, because mother had refused to go to San Francisco till she had Mrs. Tobey's promise to protect us every night by her presence. But Mrs. Tobey came to an uncertain halt and announced apologetically that she had visitors and would have to stay at home.

"But I came early to tell you, so you'd have plenty of time to get old Lady Walters!"

"Thank you so much for your trouble," cried Janet. "Here, take some figs for your breakfast!"

"My visitors were saying they liked figs," said Mrs. Tobey gratefully.

We watched her ride wabblingly away, and of course we weren't at all troubled, because we knew that old Lady Walters could come. She was deaf and lonesome and loved to visit.

We carried our baskets indoors, fed the horses, gathered the eggs from dark nests and restored to the roost a hen that insisted on sitting at this untimely season. Then we came in and had a hurried supper in the kitchen.

Oh, how pretty the new paper looked at night! We had had some doubt about papering the ceiling, but now we were more than glad that we could look up at roses instead of grimy plaster and ugly cracks. What a sweet air of order the paper gave to the upper regions of the dining-room, filled though the floor was with the debris of our amateur labor! We could hardly wait to begin the final clearing-up.

We stuffed all the trash in the dining-room stove, topped it off liberally with pine and oak wood and started a big fire to dry the walls. Of course we opened the windows and doors, because the vapor, we thought, had to get out somewhere, and besides the room was too hot to work in. Then we scrubbed the floor and set the table for

breakfast—because it was grandfather's economical habit to come home on the night train and use a taxi to drive out before breakfast. The garage man owed grandfather money, and that was the only way he could ever get paid.

We wanted to have the breakfast table just perfect, so instead of using grandfather's everyday plated silver we went down to the bottom of mother's trunk, where she was obliged to keep certain things that grandfather considered too good to use, and brought out her elegant wedding silver. The whole room seemed to be finer the moment the silver was in place.

JANET went out into the moonlight and picked an armful of lovely purple asters, just the color of our figs. A lot of these I arranged in an old yellow vase for a centerpiece, and then I filled a big yellow bowl with the finest of our purple figs and set little yellow bowls at each place, ready to be filled at breakfast time with peeled figs and yellow cream—um! That's a dish that makes even grandfather rash with praise. Last of all, we hung our freshly ironed yellow scrim curtains. The room was a dream! Janet and I were so full of pride that for a few moments we were speechless.

"Shall we close the windows?" asked Janet at last.

"Yes. And I'll give the fire a poke. That oak wood will burn all night. They'll be cold when they get here. Oh, I don't believe I can sleep a wink, waiting to see how perfectly dumbfounded and delighted they'll be. What time will they be home?"

"They'll get here by six in the morning. Wonder what time it is now?"

Faint, husky, almost inaudible, the old living-room clock began to strike. Eleven o'clock! Janet and I looked at each other in dismay. We had completely forgotten old Lady Walters!

"Well, it's too late now," Janet said, conscience-stricken. "I wouldn't mind so much, but we promised mother. She's so deaf we could never make her hear now!"

"We are better off without anybody. Mrs. Tobey kept hearing noises all night long and waking us up. Old Lady Walters would talk all night. When mother comes home and finds us all right—and the dining-room looking so lovely—she'll be too happy to worry about what couldn't be helped. So come to bed."

To bed we went forthwith. I was almost asleep when Janet began to speak.

"I wish grandfather were in the house," she murmured. "A man is a great protection. I suppose a man's snore is like his beard and big voice, to make him formidable. I wish he were here. Do you know," she concluded, with the air of stating a startling theory, "sometimes I think that grandfather's stinginess and crustiness are just a pose? Yes, I'm almost sure sometimes that he's the kindest man alive!"

After that we slept.

I suppose it was four in the morning when I was suddenly awakened by a startling crash in the dining-room. I sat up, clutching Janet.

"What is it?" she gasped.

"I don't know."

"Where is it?"

"In the dining-room."

We listened a long time.

"It was the cat," she said.

"No, I put him out."

"I don't hear a sound. You dreamed it."

"Listen!" I commanded.

Creak, creak, snap! The sounds were stealthy and far apart, as if made by some one walking cautiously.

"It's somebody," whispered Janet.

"It's a robber!" I said.

Janet began to get angry.

"The coward! What does he want?"

"The silver. He's gathering it up."

"Well, it's plated. Let him have it."

"It's mother's—don't you remember?" I whispered. "We put on mother's wedding silver."

Janet straightened like a lance, and whipped her yellow braids back so that she could listen better. It seemed an age before we caught another sound, and then—creak, snap, snap! The burglar was walking again. Instantly Janet was out of bed.

"Who's there?" she cried aloud. "What are you doing?"

For a second there was silence, and then—bang! It sounded as if the burglar had fallen

Disregarding me entirely, she threw open the door into the little hall. We could see the blackness of the inclosed stairway leading down into the dining-room.

"Who are you?" cried Janet. "Answer!"

There was no sound from the robber.

"Shame on you!" exclaimed Janet in loud indignation. "If you've got any manhood in you at all, stop acting like a sneak. Come out and show yourself!"

I was sure that this would bring the robber thundering up the stairs, but there was not a sound. The awful silence continued, filling

minutes we heard a soft creak in the dining-room, like the protest of a board under stockinged feet.

I gripped Janet's hand.

"He hasn't gone yet!" I said.

She shook me off.

"I'm going down," she declared.

"You are not!"

"I am! He is a coward and a villain, and he shall not steal my mother's silver!"

The way she said "my mother" left me completely orphaned and disgraced by cowardice. But I still opposed her.

"You foolish girl!" I said in a frenzy. "Do you think I'll let you go down there and be murdered? The man's a maniac!" I pulled her back, slammed and locked the door, and when she struggled for the key I threw it out of the window.

"Are you crazy?" she cried.

"The man's crazy! Listen to that!"

Pandemonium reigned in the dining-room. Crack, rip, zip, bang! It sounded as if the burglar, moved to fury, were tearing the house down. We listened to the most incredible onslaughts of noise, with long periods of deadly silence between. The mystery and violence of his behavior seemed to have no effect on Janet except to make her more and more angry and indignant.

"Silly!" she said to me scathingly. "To throw the key out the window! Now he'll pull the house down under us. Dress."

I dressed, with sharp reminders now and then from Janet when I forgot essential garments. The darkness lifted somewhat, the roosters crowed. I took my station at the window. Sooner or later a car would come along the gray belt of road beyond the pepper trees. I meant to call to the car for help.

"Help! Help! Help!" I called suddenly. For a car had appeared.

Janet pushed in beside me.

"What is it?" she demanded.

"Somebody's car. Help! Help!"

"Hello there! Hello, hello!"

Janet shouted with a lustiness that made my feeble outcry ridiculous.

The car stopped beneath our windows. Down in the dining-room a loud crash warned us that the robber was still looting the house.

"Sh! Careful! There is a robber in this house!" hissed Janet.

The man who had just stepped out of the car looked up at us. It was grandfather.

"What's the matter?" he exclaimed irascibly. "What tricks are you youngsters up to now?"

We could see mother lean forward in the car.

"Hello, mother," I cried, with the effort of my life to appear gay. "What did you buy me?"

"Why don't you come down?" demanded grandfather.

"We are accidentally locked in our room. Dorothy threw the

key out the window—there it is at your feet. Pick it up, grandfather." Here Janet floundered a minute and pushed me to the other window, which would not open, so that I couldn't speak. "The house is cold, so you had better drive mother to Tobey's and leave her there. Bring Mr. Tobey back with you, and—a gun."

"A gun!" exclaimed mother.

"Some one is in our dining-room. He has been making the strangest noises. Maybe it's a robber, and maybe it's a crazy man, or it may be a cat. But you ought to have a gun."

"I have one," said grandfather. "Bought it to shoot hawks." He reached into the car and brought out a gun. "Now where's your robber?"

"Unlock the front door, and go into the dining-room through the stair closet. We papered over the little low door opening into the dining-room, the one we call the secret portal. The robber won't expect you to come that way. Just give the secret door a hard push—we had nothing but one nail to fasten it with. Be sure you are ready to shoot."

"Shoot!" scoffed grandfather. "Shoo, you



DRAWING BY DUDLEY G. SUMMERS

"Get out of this house instantly!" she shouted to the robber. "Or I will wake my husband!"

across the table. Forks jangled and jumped, bowls crashed. The sound was awful. Then—creak, rattle, crash! If there were two burglars in our dining-room, they were now beating each other with their loot.

"The villains!" cried Janet. "I'll scare them away. Where's something?" Seizing my curling tongs, she made for the door.

"Don't you dare open that door!" I cried in terror.

But Janet opened it and raised her voice in a threatening soprano.

"What are you after?" she challenged.

"Leave every single thing in this house alone, or I'll fire!"

I was dumbfounded at Janet's ultimatum, for she had nothing except my curling tongs to fire with. But she stood there in the awful gray of the dawn, a warlike little figure in a red kimono. With my heart pounding and my backbone strangely fickle, I got out of bed and clung to the bedpost.

"Let him alone," I implored in a trembling voice. "Doesn't everybody say to let a robber take what he wants? He's desperate, or he wouldn't be here. He'd shoot at the first alarm."

But plainly Janet meant to alarm him.

me with sickening fear. I gripped the bedpost, pulled myself up and, reaching Janet, collapsed on her shoulder. She prodded me with the curling tongs.

"Brace up!" she said. "Talk to him. Talk deep—I can't. Make him think there's a man here."

"I can't," I quavered, in a voice so thin and high I scarcely could believe it was my own. For, as I've said, I'm contralto.

"Talk anyway. He'll know then there are two of us."

"I can't," I whimpered. "You frighten me to death, Janet! Come back to bed!"

And then I sobbed, "Oh, if there were only a man in the house!"

Janet seized the suggestion.

"Get out of this house instantly!" she shouted to the robber. "Or I will wake my husband!"

This preposterous threat from seventeen-year-old Janet was rewarded by hurried noises from the robber, as if he were indeed hastening to get away. But we didn't hear a door open or shut or any noise outside. We watched at the window to see if he were leaving the front way. My courage began to come slowly back, but after perhaps fifteen

mean. I'll shoo your cat." But he cocked his gun to shoo it with.

Mother now sat up, looking dazed. Grandfather disappeared, and in about the time that it would take for him to burst into the dining-room through the secret door we heard a loud ripping thud, then two gun shots. The next thing—and it was the most normal and happy sound that had reached us in many an hour—we heard grandfather's loud, sarcastic "Ha, ha!"

"What's there?" I screamed.

"Who is it?" shrieked Janet.

"What has happened?" cried mother.

"Ha, ha, ha!" shouted grandfather again.

For us two prisoners there was nothing to do except wait for the door to be unlocked. Mother and grandfather came up together. It was plain that mother still had no idea of the real terror of the night, and grandfather kept chuckling and laughing, though his big arms felt comforting and kind, as he herded us out of the bedroom.

"Come down and see your robber," he said jokingly. "He sand-bagged me—nearly knocked me over. Then's when I fired. But he is flat on his back now. Come on."

IT was all so maddening, so mysterious. Apparently mother was the most puzzled of us all. But grandfather led the way down the stairs and marshaled us into the dining-room.

Oh, what a sight met our eyes! It was the heat of our terrific fire that did it, of course. Our lovely paper had literally torn itself off the walls in the night. It had dropped from the ceiling in cracked and brittle festoons. It cluttered the floor; it had peeled in ragged ribbons from the spaces between windows. Our demoralized table was a mess of figs, spilled asters, broken bowls and scattered silver. Even as we stood in our first amazed and stupefied silence—creak, crack, rattle, crash! Another crackling length of paper curled up on the wall, then broke and fell with jangling violence into mother's wedding silver.

So this was our robber at his work! "Boo, hoo! Boo, hoo!" sobbed Janet. Her intrepid spirit was breaking.

"You told him to go away, or you'd wake your husband." I reminded her, almost sobbing myself. "O Janet, to think it was our paper—our lovely paper—all the time."

"Who was your paper hanger?" asked grandfather.

"We were."

"Who told you how to make your paste?"

"Nobody."

"And who advised you to build a great

big fire and then close the windows?"

"We didn't want you to get to sneezing at breakfast, grandfather."

Grandfather eyed us with still greater sharpness.

"And where did you get the money for this splurge?"

"It was part of our music money," wailed Janet. "That makes it worse still."

"Well, you two girls ought to take a lesson and ask advice about undertakings you know nothing about. You've ruined the dining-room, lost your money and been good and scared into the bargain. Where's Mrs. Tobey?"

"She had company and couldn't come."

"Do you mean to say that you two girls have been shut up with what you thought was a robber—all alone?"

"We thought it was a maniac," corrected Janet, beginning to laugh giddily.

Grandfather took a turn about the room, then came to us.

"Your good sensible mother has raised you to be sensible, plucky country girls—brave as they make 'em—"

He turned away again, and we went to mother, who was deeply embarrassed. Grandfather had never called her sensible before. She clung to us, struggling for composure. I held out a scrap of our ill-fated wall paper aimlessly.

"Isn't it pretty? All pink and gray roses," I suggested.

Mother glanced at the paper, then took it to the window in some excitement.

"Why, father!" she exclaimed. "This is the very pattern we chose ourselves for the girls' bedroom. Pink roses, little gray buds, thorny stems, everything! I knew they would just love it, and I thought of it first for the dining-room. But the man said it was properly bedroom paper, and then when you said to go ahead and buy paper for the whole house—yes he did, girls! And rugs, and new curtains, and paint, and that new car outside!"

"Why, grandfather!" cried my twin and I in concert. And Janet continued alone, "I knew it! I knew it! I always knew it!"

"Knew what?" said grandfather curiously.

"Knew that you were the kindest man alive," declared my twin, embracing him with unthinkable courage.

"Crops were good," said grandfather briefly.

Though his hand patted Janet, the beautiful look on his face was meant for mother, who had kept the heart of his home warm for seven years.



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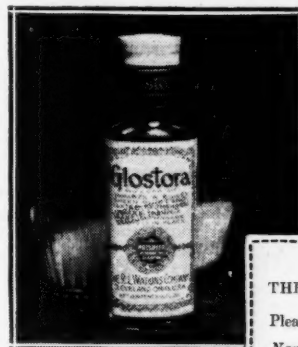
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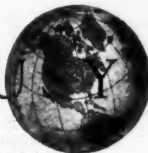
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THIS BULB WORLD



News of the Aviators

The Spanish aviators who "set sail" from Palos in Spain to cross the Atlantic to Brazil and thence to fly to Buenos Aires carried out their plans successfully to the great satisfaction of the Spanish people. The longest flight across water was from the Cape Verde Islands to Fernando de Noronha, Brazil, 1432 miles. Commander Franco was at the head of the expedition. It is announced that Commander Byrd, retired, the naval officer who had charge of the airplanes on the MacMillan Arctic expedition last year, is making plans for a flight to the unexplored ice regions about the pole either this year or next. Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., and Mr. Edsel Ford are reported to be among his financial backers. Whether Commander Byrd will take off from Etah, Greenland, or from Spitzbergen is at present uncertain. His plans may be affected by the fate of the Stefansson-Wilkins airplane expedition to the same region, which is scheduled to leave Point Barrow, Alaska, by the first of April.

What Congress is Doing

The Senate is dealing with the tax bill with unaccustomed energy. It now appears probable that the bill will be passed, substantially as it came from the House, before the first of March. The House Committee on Naval Affairs has taken its cue from the President and recommends appropriations that are considerably below what Navy officials had hoped to get. Secretary Wilbur

wanted arrangements made for a largely increased number of admissions to the Academy at Annapolis; but the committee does not favor that plan. No doubt its members have noticed the very large number of resignations among the younger officers and think that the government is already doing enough to educate its young men for other careers. The appropriations for aviation are not so large as the Navy hoped they would be, and the committee advises the closing of the Lakehurst air station, now that there is only one dirigible, the Los Angeles, in commission. There is no money available for building a successor to the Shenandoah, and there are two opinions both in Congress and in the Navy about replacing the lost dirigible at all.

Young Russians Must Learn to Fight

According to a report from Moscow, the soviet government has decreed a certain amount of compulsory military training in the colleges of Russia. It will also oblige the young men to spend a part of each summer in military camps. The soviet standing army numbers 600,000 men and is the largest in Europe. The French army numbers slightly more, but a considerable part of it is on colonial service. Moreover, since the Locarno pact it is proposed to reduce the period of compulsory service in France from eighteen months to a year, which would automatically diminish the army by about 150,000 men.

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FACT AND COMMENT

DIOGENES was once asked what beasts had the most dangerous bite. He replied: "If you mean wild beasts, the slanderers; if tame ones, the flatterers."
—From The Youth's Companion August 24, 1827.

"How clever am I," said the Fox; and, "Snap!"
His Paw was caught in the Hidden Trap.

REPORTS FROM MEXICO say that bandits have captured the manager of an American coffee plantation. Judging from the present price of coffee in the United States, the bandits probably mistook him for a fellow member.

ANOTHER MEMORIAL to George Washington is assured by the purchase for the public of the ancestral home of the Washington family at Wakefield, Va., on the banks of the Rappahannock River. There are seventy acres of land in the purchase, and on that land stood the house in which the Father of his Country was born. The old house was long ago destroyed, but a picture of it remains, and it is suggested that it be reconstructed as nearly as possible in the way it was originally built.

THE CAMP FIRE GIRLS, like the Boy Scouts, are advocates of outdoor life and sports, and persons who have observed their delight in wearing their khaki uniforms and their pleasure in camp life may think they have no other enthusiasms. The recent annual award of honors tells a different story. Of the credits given for proficiency in the various forms of attainments, 893,000 went for ability in cooking, household management, the care of babies and related work, to less than half as many for outdoor achievements.

THE AMERICAN TYPE

WHEN the American fleet visited Australia and New Zealand last summer, the newspapers, both provincial and English, commented with some surprise upon the appearance of the personnel. There was no criticism of the physical fitness of the men or their competence as sailors, but there was surprise at their diversity of appearance, and at the lack of what foreigners have come to regard as the "American type."

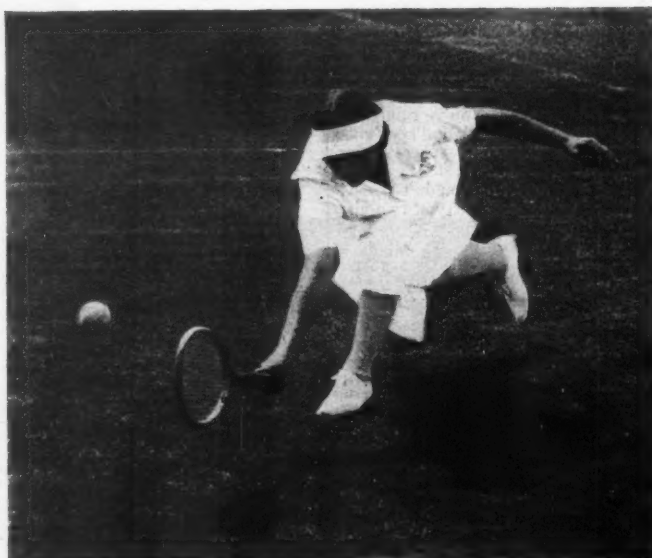
The reason, of course, is plain. Our blue-jackets are recruited from citizens of every nationality, and our naval roster therefore contains the names of many men of foreign birth or parentage who have not yet lost the racial characteristics of their blood.

Is there really any such thing as an American type? And if there is, what is it? Fourteen years ago Dr. Ales Hrdlicka began to study the matter. Since then he has recorded the physical measurements of some thousand "old Americans" and studied as many more. He has now reached the conclusion that there is indeed an American type as distinct and characteristic as that of the English or the Irish.

By "old American" Dr. Hrdlicka means one whose parents and all four of whose grandparents were born in this country. The average height of the men is five feet, eight and six-tenths inches, and of the women, five feet, three and seven-tenths inches, which is nearly an inch more than that of the Scotch, who have been regarded as the tallest Europeans. Other characteristics of the "old American" are slimness, narrow hands and feet, medium brown hair, rather long nose, thin lips and a moderately developed jaw bone.

Now the interesting thing about these observations is the tendency, slow, but apparently steady, of other Americans to approach that type. Even in the first native generation there is a change in the direction of greater height and a different-shaped skull, and the change becomes more marked in the grandchildren and great-grandchildren. Climate, exercise, occupation and diet seem to be modifying the racial types of the Old World and moulding Americans of a distinctively New World stamp.

Of late there has been a tendency to discount the value of Israel Zangwill's figure of the melting pot, to doubt the aptness of the metaphor and to abandon the belief that our institutions are capable of fusing so many diverse alloys into a homogeneous ingot. Perhaps we have reckoned too confidently



Miss Helen Wills, American Woman Tennis Champion, going after a hard shot, low, and on her backhand

THE YOUNG LIONESSES OF THE TENNIS COURTS

TIME was, and not so many years ago, that vigorous out-of-door sports were supposed to be the appropriate recreation of the boys only. The young women, in their prettiest dresses, supplied the decorative frame that surrounded the arena upon which the game was fought. But the girls long ago came down from their seats, donned athletic dress and began to win distinction in first one and then another test of endurance and skill. Girl swimmers, golf players and tennis players attract about as much attention from the public as their brothers. In hockey, basketball and even in baseball they have shown activity and ambition. Football remains a man's game. That is a kind of hurly-burly of dirt and violence into which women will never care to plunge.

But in most sports the heroines are as famous as the heroes. For example, in tennis. There is no match that the tennis lover would rather see than one between Suzanne Lenglen and Helen Wills. That match may already have taken place before this number of The Companion is printed, and if it has we may be sure the newspapers were full of it. Miss Wills went over to France with the frankly avowed purpose of meeting Mlle. Lenglen; for it happens that, though each has played all the other first-rate women players of the world, they have not until now faced each other.

The popular interest in the rivalry between these two young women is international. Miss Wills was the observed of all observers whenever she appeared in France; more than once French celebrities of one sort or another were abashed to find themselves neglected at railway station or hotel

corridor while the reporters and the curious public crowded round *la belle Américaine*. When she goes to England she will be watched with equal interest, though with less apparent agitation. She is an excellent representative for the United States to send abroad, a charming, unpretentious, wholesome girl; a sportswoman who is always ready to play the game, to win modestly and to lose cheerfully. Many Americans of world-wide distinction have visited Europe and returned without leaving so happy an impression of the American disposition and the American character behind them. We are proud of Helen Wills.

It will be an interesting match, between two players of very different temperaments. It will be the volcanic against the impetuous; the agile, leaping nymph against the hard-hitting, cool-headed young Amazon; a brilliant, nervous technique against a steady, tireless mastery of stroke; a genius of tennis against a perfectly schooled mistress of the game; a filleted Diana against a helmeted Pallas Athene. As to the result, the only thing we are sure of is that the American, whether she wins or loses, will give the spectators a perfect example of self-control and good manners—which is not a little thing.

Whether Miss Wills imperils her amateur standing here at home by the articles on tennis she has written for the French papers we shall not know until we have heard more about the matter. But we believe that, in this case as in others, the young woman knew what she was about and was careful not to go beyond what an amateur tennis player has a perfect right to do.

on the influence of mental attitudes and environment and too little on the physical. Our varied and stimulating climate, our opportunities for the freest and most diversified choice of occupation, and above all our high standard of living conditions and especially of diet, seem to be exercising an Americanization influence of their own. To our basic steel they may add the tungsten and vanadium of the world.

A GREAT VICTORY ON THE SEA

THE greatest stories of adventure and daring are the tales of the sea. Nowhere else is the struggle of the dauntless human spirit against fearful odds, in the face of continual and awful peril of death, so dramatically and picturesquely staged. Man has done much to put a bit and a bridle in the mouth of that old monster, the sea, but he has never broken its spirit. He never will. Every tempest that sweeps across its surface wakes it to a fury that costs human lives;

carried away. Her men were dying of cold and exposure. There was no hope for them unless it came from the President Roosevelt, and every effort of Captain Fried and his men was for seventy-two hours foiled by the cruel fury of the sea. Once the Antioe was quite lost in a snowstorm, but the Roosevelt searched her out again and still stood by.

At last there was a lull in the gale. A fifth boat was launched. Tossed and battered about by the tremendous waves, it did actually reach the Antioe. It rescued twelve men, about half the crew. The others were too weak to take the chance of jumping into the sea to be picked up, as their fellows had done. The boat brought these twelve men back to the Roosevelt; but the gale had risen again. It was not until the following midnight that a boat was again able to live in the furious sea. Manned by a volunteer crew,—the only difficulty was to pick a crew from the scores who offered,—it succeeded in taking off the remaining thirteen men, so weak that they had to be carried to the boat. When the lifeboat returned to the President Roosevelt the seas were still running so high that it could not be hoisted in. After the rescued men had been taken aboard, the boat had to be set adrift. Then the Antioe went down—but not until the heroism and the pertinacity of man had snatched twenty-five lives from the very jaws of the raging sea.

The sea is still the sea. It will always be the same powerful, beneficent, subtle, treacherous combination of servant and enemy to mankind that it always has been. But the race of seamen, too, remains the same—rough, dour, unpolished men, but ready to face calmly every danger, and to go gallantly into the actual presence of death to rescue the perishing. Mankind will never wholly conquer the sea. Neither will the sea ever conquer the spirit of man.

THE OFFICE SMOCK

NOT long ago a broker's office in New York administered a mild shock to Wall Street and presented the newspapers with a welcome bit of gossip by putting its office force, both men and women, into neat blue smocks. The innovation was talked about, laughed at—and then copied. The idea spread to other cities; only the other day, a big public-service corporation in Boston provided smocks for more than seven hundred girls in its business office, and so did one of the great daily newspapers in that city. The fashion—though it is not really a fashion, but a bit of common-sense applied to office costume—is gaining ground.

The advantages of the smock are obvious. In occupations so diverse as those of market-men and artists they have long been recognized. The butcher and the painter have this much in common, that the materials in which they work are likely to be messy. A long loose gown that gives freedom of movement while it protects the clothing beneath from soil is of the greatest service to both men. Those who work in city offices have been slower to appreciate its value to them. But there is plenty of grime and dirt about even in the most cleanly of occupations. Soft coal, smoke from railway locomotives and factory chimneys, the greasy soot from oil-burners and automobile exhausts and the flying dust that the traffic and turmoil of a city churns up have soiled billions of nice, white collars and cuffs and stained nearly as many pretty and serviceable office dresses. Against these enemies of neatness the smock is a perfect protection. It is comfortable, workmanlike in appearance, and easily washed when it becomes dirty. Girls or young men who want to go directly from the office to some occasion where nice-looking clothes should be worn can wear whatever they like beneath the smock with the comfortable assurance that it will not be unfit to appear in after a few hours' work.

Here is, perhaps, the solution of the difficult problem that all office managers have with the subject of dress. The smock will conceal from view the indiscretions of costume that some young women seem determined to commit. It is a kind of uniform without the stiffness and formality that other uniforms have. It can be made in attractive colors and will then deliver the office from the monotony and cheerlessness that the black working dress spreads about.

This much propaganda in behalf of the smock we are glad to disseminate.

Miscellany

SAVED FROM THE QUICKSAND

HAROLD and I were out duck-hunting, trailing the "bee line" ducks, writes Mr. Frank L. Bailey in Forest and Stream. Roxy, my old bird dog, was along with us. She had been ailing for a week, and I did not want her to go into the water. But she begged so hard to come that I yielded, though I made her stay in the wagon and would not let her go down into the blind with us. We had pretty good luck, and after the flight was over there were a number of birds to bring in.

"May as well pick up," Harold suggested with a yawn.

His waders being higher than mine, he started out to collect the dead. The first three or four birds came easily, but the others lay farther out. Suddenly Harold began to struggle. A deprecatory smile played round his mouth, then his lips straightened grimly.

"What is it, Harold?" I asked in alarm.

"This mud," he panted, trying to withdraw his legs from the clinging substance. I was frightened and began wading toward him. "Keep back!" he ordered sharply; "shove a pole out so I can get hold of it."

I hurried ashore and found several, but all were too short. In the meantime the water had reached his armpits.

"Can't you get out of your boots?" I asked despairingly.

"No use," he answered, "they're strapped to my belt."

"I can't stand here and see you drown," I cried wildly. "Try once more!"

He did so, but the water only rose higher. I felt faint and sick; I was in a cold sweat. Suddenly a thought flashed through my brain and I turned to run.

"Don't leave me, Frank!" he called.

I waved my hand and tried to smile. "Back in a moment!" I shouted.

Panting and stumbling, I hastened to the team. I had noticed a coil of rope lying in the bottom of the wagon the day before. I prayed that it might be there now. Staggering to the wagon, I clawed everything out, including Roxy. Thank God, the rope was there. Seizing it and followed by the dog, I hastened back. Nearing the water, I peered through the trees. The water was at Harold's chin.

Rushing to the shore with shouts of encouragement, I recoiled the rope and threw it toward him, only to have it fall short. Three times I threw and failed. "I can't make it!" I cried in despair.

"Well, so long," he said with a faint smile, and he tried to wave his hand.

Frantically I tied the rope round Roxy's neck and put a portion of it in her mouth.

"Fetch!" called Harold weakly.

She loved him almost as much as she loved me, and, seeming to understand the gravity of the situation, she almost fell in her eagerness to reach him. As in a dream I saw him slowly wind the rope beneath his arms; then, taking a turn round the nearest tree, I began to pull. Slowly but surely the relentless mud gave up its terrible grip, and in a few moments Harold lay on the ground beside me, panting and gasping while Roxy licked our faces.

After a while we looked at each other and smiled. This is what Harold said:

"You ought not to have done it, Frank. Roxy has been sick, and now she'll take cold and die."

The ways of some people pass understanding!

REYNARD UNDER THE BED

OUR fox stories continue to elicit from our readers new tales that illustrate the almost human cleverness of those sharp-nosed animals. A Pennsylvania subscriber sends us this, which was told him by his mother years ago.

It happened at the home of her father, who was the pastor of a church in Warren, Penn., at the beginning of the oil furor in that region. The parsonage was built against a steep hill, so that it was possible at one point to jump from a second-floor window to a projecting rock on the hillside. From there you could walk up the inclined trunk of a tree, and out one of its branches to a window in the attic, and even reach the roof. Being an active and daring girl, my mother had often done so.

There were a great many foxes in the rocky, woody country that extended back from the town. Some Virginians, who had been drawn to the region by the oil excitement, had relieved the occasional tedium of their occupation and satisfied a taste for the chase by organizing some fox hunts.

There was one dog fox, however, that was never caught. Though he was often chased, he always eluded capture, and generally in the region of my grandfather's house.

My mother was sitting in her room one day when she saw a fox jump to a ledge of rocks back in the woods some distance, jump from it to the tree that inclined toward the house, and disappear—she did not know just where. The hounds soon appeared, but seemed completely at fault. By the rather vigorous language of the hunters she was led to believe that it was not the first time this fox had eluded them in that locality.

On another occasion she was in the front yard when she heard the clamor of an approaching party, which indicated that another hunt was on. She ran upstairs, urged by the curiosity born of her former experience, and was treated to an even more remarkable sight.

As she looked into her room from the stairway she saw the same fox jump from the window sill to the floor of her room. Immediately the fox sensed her presence and crouched against the wall under the sill; then, eyeing her intently, it deliberately withdrew under the bed. It seemed to have concluded that she was to be trusted.

When the hunters had withdrawn baffled, the fox quietly came out from under the bed and made his way from the house with only one swift glance at my mother, who stood motionless in the doorway. After the fox was gone she called her brothers, and together they explored the tree. They found many unmistakable signs that Master Fox had made frequent use of a deep attic window, but more frequently the covering of a broad chimney upon the peak of the roof, behind which he was hidden from observation.

They never betrayed their knowledge to the hunters. If ingenuity, daring and coolness are proper claims to immortality, this fox ought to have lived forever.

PLAYING TO WIN

How would you define success? Make a fair trial, and if you should have any time left over try your hand at that fine old puzzle of describing a gentleman. You realize, of course, that this is a hazardous game. It is like turning the pockets of your own mind and nature inside out!

While you are deciding whether to risk it or not, you might like to hear about a young French soldier in the spring of 1917 who played well the two parts of a gentleman and a success.

It was a bad time on the French front. A colonel of infantry appeared one night down in the trenches, and, confronting a little group of a dozen soldiers in one of the quieter parts of the line, he called for a volunteer for a task of desperate character. "He will not come back; absolutely not," said the officer. "But I call for a volunteer."

Three French soldiers dragged themselves to their feet and saluted.

"I asked for one man," said the colonel, very gravely.

No one of the three budged.

"Padre," said the officer to a Red Cross man who was present,—an American,— "I will not decide this. You will decide this. It is a command."

The Red Cross man looked the three soldiers in the face, but he could not speak; he could not think. Suddenly there flashed through his mind one of his boyhood games. Out into plain sight, after thirty years, jumped the old brick schoolhouse of his childhood, the graceful New England elms that flanked the playground, a noisy group of pupils and the silly old riggerole, "Eeny meeny, miny, moe," ending with the "One, two, three, out goes he!" Like a machine he now repeated these words with the terrible ending, "out goes he."

The young Frenchman who was "he" saluted, turned and climbed up into the rain and the dark; but before disappearing he put his hand on the Red Cross man's shoulder and observed with a smile, "That was a very interesting game,—that 'Eeny, meeny,'—and I won, didn't I?"

No work - no play -that's Sore Throat

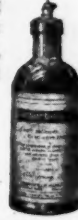
Cooped up in the house! Nothing to do! Feeling blue! Can hardly swallow! Who wants to be that fellow? Then here's the trick. Get a bottle of



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Proceedings

Y. C. LAB NO. 1

Wollaston, Mass.

January 11:

Built a stool for the telephone table. It fits under the table, sort of telescope affair. Made another acorn for the bottom of our sign, as the first one was oak and split during the finishing touches on the lathe.

January 12:

Applied a mahogany filler to the telephone table and stool. This affair is part gumwood and part whitewood; don't know how it will look as mahogany, but the filler looks all right, although a bit red. Shellac or colored varnish will take that down.

January 13:

The first iron brackets to lower Cinderella proved a bad fit; they looked all right on paper, but they wouldn't work. Worked out another idea, and this was as bad.

January 14:

Election of members to Y. C. Lab Society was held at Engineers Club, Boston; so the Lab was closed this afternoon.

January 15:

Worked out another plan for the front brackets on Cinderella, and this time it looks as if they might work. Added a little darker filler to the telephone table and stool; looks better. Everything went wrong today—one of those days when things get lost, go astray or get smashed. Member Sawyer got hit between the eyes with a piece of wood. And only the other night I hit him on the thumb with a hammer; no personal grudge meant—just a mistake. This is his unlucky week.

January 16:

Photographed a few subjects. The days are so short now that Saturday is the only one on which we can get adequate light. Put another coat of color varnish on telephone table and stool. Began making a lot of little picture-holders to hold photographs. These are made from whitewood and a slot sawed across them; the picture fits into the slot.

At noon we received a big box of shoes to test. That looked like a pleasant job—almost as good as testing a banquet. But on opening the carton we found only one shoe of each kind. They must think we are one-legged fellows here. But there was one complete pair. We are testing it. We are not publishing who is testing that one pair. But the size is No. 6. The Councilor wears a No. 6.

January 18:

Began making some book-ends. We want to try out some plaster which comes in tubes and which can be put on cardboard and wood ornamentally. This can be moulded into patterns and, when dry, gilded and colored. Book-ends are easy. We made a pair in no time, pasted a color cover of *The Youth's Companion* on each end and made a figured plaster border on each one. Looks very neat.

January 19:

Made a flower-box built around a bread-tin. This we are going to plaster—if the plaster proves "hardy." Later we discovered that it fell off if handled. Still, we should not be discouraged by that. Even a dentist's filling sometimes falls out of a tooth. We'll try again and think up something new.

HARRY IRVING SHUMWAY
Councilor, Y. C. Lab.

MEMBERSHIPS

To join the Y. C. Lab, as an Associate Member, use the coupon below, which will bring you full particulars concerning the Society. If elected, you will have the right to ask any question concerning mechanics, engineering, wood and metal working, radio, and so forth. You will also become eligible to compete for the weekly, quarterly and annual awards made by the Society, and you will receive its button and ribbon. There are no fees or dues.

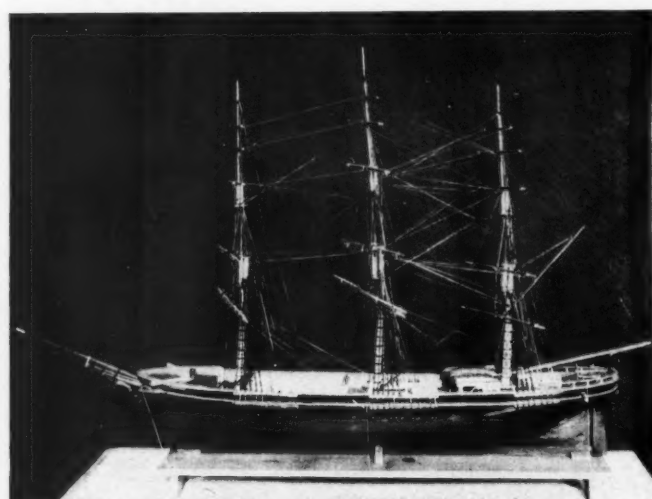
The Director, Y. C. Lab
8 Arlington Street, Boston, Mass.

I am a boy years of age, and am interested in creative and constructive work. Send me full particulars and an application blank on which I may submit my name for Associate Membership in the Y. C. Lab.

Name

Address

THE Y. C. LAB



THE Thirteenth Weekly Award of \$5 goes to Member Albert F. Bird, 86 Myrtle Street, Somerville, Mass., for this extremely accurate and beautiful model of the clipper ship Stag Hound. This model, on the scale of

one sixth of an inch to the foot, is owned by Mr. Robert C. Seaver, of Brookline, Mass. Member Bird is now building a smaller model of the Stag Hound, and also one of the even more famous clipper, Flying Cloud.

Notes on Building Clipper-Ship Models

By Albert F. Bird



Albert F. Bird

INCREASING public interest in clipper-ship models is making their construction a very profitable occupation for any man or boy. The art of building a model is by no means an easy one, but comes with practice. The Stag Hound was built in 1850 by Donald McKay, at East Boston. I secured information for this article by a personal visit to the Marine Room of the Old State House, Boston. Mr. F. Alexander Magoun, one of the Councilors of the Y. C. Lab, has subsequently put me in possession of the lines and sail plan of the Flying Cloud and is prepared to supply such invaluable data to any Member of the Y. C. Lab at a nominal price for photostatic copies.

Returning to the Stag Hound, some of the hull dimensions follow:

Length of keel	207 ft.
Length on deck	215 "
Depth	21 "
Breadth	40 "
Waterways	15 "
Stanchions	8 by 10 ft.
Caprail	6 by 16 "
House abaft fore-mast	42 ft. by 24 ft. by 6 ft.
Height of poop	6 ft. 6 in.
Length of poop	44 "

Having secured the lines and determined on the scale you will use (one eighth of an inch to the foot is usual and easy to work), cut sectional moulds, or templates, and test your hull by them as you shape it. White pine, if available, is the easiest wood to work. Hollow out the hull, by boring auger holes and using your gouge, leaving a shelf all around upon which to glue and nail the deck.

When the deck has been fitted, it is well to score it with a knife or a nail, to make it resemble planks. Then put in the waterways, scupper boards and pin rail. After the pin rail has been fitted, put in the false ribs, or stanchions. Now nail on the caprail and fit the monkey ribs. Put a railing around the poop deck above the caprail. For the cabin, it is advisable to use a solid block with moulding and splash boards glued on. Cabin windows can be made of solid pieces of wood.

Paint the outside of the hull black above the water line, and green below. The deck is

brown, but all else is white. Any illustrated, unabridged dictionary will give valuable hints on rigging.

It is understood, in presenting these notes, that they must not be taken as a complete set of instructions. I practiced with many small and simple models before venturing on this large one, which is approximately thirty-two inches from stem to stern. If possible, look at some worthy model before you start your own. You will learn much more from it than from any printed directions or plans. But it will pay you to have your model authentic in every detail. I am accordingly attaching a list of spar dimensions of the Stag Hound.

Name of Mast	Diameter in Inches	Length in Feet
Foremast	32.5	82
Foretopmast	16	46
Foretopgallant mast	10	25
Foreroyal mast	9	17
Foremainsail mast	8	13
Mainmast	33	88
Maintopmast	17.5	51
Maintopgallant mast	12	28
Mainroyal mast	11	19
Mainskysail mast	10	15
Mizzenmast	26	78
Mizzentopmast	12.5	40
Mizzentopgallant mast	9	22
Mizzenroyal mast	8	16

Name of Yard	Diameter in Inches	Length in Feet
Foreyard	20	72
Foretopsail yard	15	57
Foretopgallant yard	10	42
Foreroyal yard	7	32
Foremainsail yard	6.5	24.5
Mainyard	22	88
Maintopsail yard	17	68
Maintopgallant yard	15	53
Mainroyal yard	10.5	42
Mainskysail yard	7	32
Crossjack yard	16	60
Mizzentopsail yard	11.5	45
Mizzentopgallant yard	10	36
Mizzenroyal yard	7	27
Bowsprit	28.5	24
Flying jibboom	16.5	38
Spanker boom	13	60
Spanker gaff	8	44

Proceedings

Y. C. LAB NO. 2

Luzerne, N. Y.

December 23:

Two boys at work laying roofing material. Used Ru-ber-old roofing, and the weather was so cold it cracked at touch. Tried two pieces without success, then decided on an experiment. Took the roll of roofing into the house, set it beside the stove, and it got pliable. Cut two pieces and then, on a wild run, carried them to the job and nailed them down. In the afternoon we continued to heat and cut each strip as needed. Finished the job.

The Members completed cutting opening for chimney in peak, which practically completed carpenter work on alteration. They went home with instructions to return on Monday.

December 28:

Santa Claus has come and gone, and now back to work, as Samuel Pepys might have said, only Samuel never sweat at a job of labor. A wooden base was made to support the chimney, was laid down and nailed and covered with inch boards. Two boys were dispatched with a hand sleigh for sand; one of them suggested that our iron wheelbarrow be used in which to mix the "mud." This was done. Weather had dropped to twenty degrees below zero. Hot water was now necessary to mix the mortar. This was brought in a chain of teakettles from the house.

A thick layer of mortar was spread on the supporting base for the chimney, and the first course of bricks was laid. When the third course was laid a level was used and a little jockeying found necessary to fetch the chimney back into true. Thereafter, with two boys mixing mortar, one carrying it to the job, and the fourth on the roof with the Councilor, the job went along smoothly. A chimney rim was inserted. It was growing colder by the minute, and when the peak of the roof was reached the mortar froze almost before it could be laid on.

December 29:

Boys appeared with glint of determination in their eyes. Got out the wheelbarrow, started the chain of teakettles moving, began to mix the mud. Reached the top course of bricks, then offset one course all around for trim, and another on top of this. Dragged in the old stove, hooked up the stove pipe, filled the stove with kindlings and touched them off with a match. Glory be! The smoke poured out of the chimney and the job was done. We can now set up a work bench and make things after our own hearts. We plan to make objects that are salable as well as practical—baskets, tabourets, fern boxes, sewing cabinets and many other things. We are holding to whitewood as our material because there is plenty of it on these mountains and the boys work with it wonderfully well; it really requires no skill to put attractive things together, once I have worked out a design that can be put together easily.

CHARLES M. HORTON
Councilor, Y. C. Lab.

Questions

I am especially interested in aircraft. Can you tell me where to find out how to make a glider? I should like some instructions easy to follow.

Charles W. Bates, Jr., Wheeling, W. Va.

Answer by Mr. Magoun: In the issues of *Aviation* for June 22 and June 29, 1925, there is a complete description with plans and dimensions of the glider built by a number of students at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and flown with success at a meet in Europe. *Aviation* is published by the Gardner Publishing Company, Inc., 225 Fourth Avenue, New York. The price per copy is usually ten cents; probably more for back numbers. If you are unable to procure these issues, I should be glad to furnish you with photostat copies of the article at cost (probably about \$1). To make your model, all you will need to do will be to reduce the dimensions given in the magazine to the size of the machine you wish to construct. Why not make everything one quarter of the original size, giving you a glider about three feet long? Besides learning a lot while making your model you can have much more fun with it than if it were a full-size machine, for, although the glider described in *Aviation* was one of the most successful flown at the European meet, it crashed one day, and the would-be aviator had a nice long rest in the hospital. I should be very glad to hear from you and to answer any questions you have about your model. If you make a very nice one, perhaps you might win the \$5 weekly award. P. S. It was very businesslike and thoughtful of you to inclose an envelope.

CINDERELLA

A True Fairy Tale

AS TOLD BY HERSELF

Chapter III

ADVENTURE! I am having the greatest adventure of my life. Only those who have gone into a beauty parlor,—as a patient,—as I have, can appreciate what a truly great adventure it is.

You stand around (heroically trying not to be vain or self-conscious) while those in charge stare at you and measure you and scowl terribly—and all over making you just beautiful. And all the while you feel so ugly in your unfinished state. Sometimes (when things seem to be going badly) you wish you had stayed what you were, merely ordinary. But I throw off such thoughts as unworthy. I know I am going to be what they want me to be.

One of the first jobs they did on me (after the wholesale dismantling) was to clean the carbon and grind the valves. One of the boys knew how to do this. Of course they found my cylinder head full of carbon (wonder I didn't have asthma), but it was quite dry, so this showed my rings were good. One can't help getting a little carbon any more than a man can help getting a beard if he doesn't shave.

They ground my valves beautifully, but the cylinder head proved a nice stumbling-block to one of the boys, as I knew it would. Nobody likes to scrape carbon off that



The real test: lowering the frame

rough casting. He tried broken saw blades, putty knives, chisels and the Councilor's pet jackknife—all to a solo of grunts and moans. Took all one afternoon—and, speaking of carbon, I hope I have less in my head than he had on his face and hands.

Next they put some paint on me—black enamel on my chassis and a lovely bottle green on my engine and transmission case. This green becomes me; it's the first paint I ever had on my engine, too.

After they got these few fundamentals over with came the real test, the lowering of the frame. I think that, all in all, they made three sets of front brackets for my front axles before they got a pair that were right. Of course, these boys are making everything themselves; they are not buying any ready-made parts whatever. I believe the idea is to show that anybody can do a job like this if he wants to get dirty and gather a few blisters. And my poor, dear young friends had an awful time getting these brackets to function. I believe they do now, and the boys are highly pleased with them.

One thing I have found out. I am going to have a V-shaped radiator, a wonderful big prow-like affair with an astonishingly sharp edge. They cut a piece from a big plank and marked out a sort of chuck upon which the boys will build the radiator shell of brass. I couldn't believe my eyes when they placed it on the end of my chassis; it looked like a big piece of pie, a sixth section of one. But there it was right on my nose.

"There's the radiator," observed the Councilor. "Brought out seven inches to a point. We'll build this around the real radiator and run it up four or five inches higher than the old one. Then we'll connect a piece of pipe to the radiator proper."

I liked that. I recall being sniffed at more than once on the road by imported upstarts with pointed faces, and one doesn't forget those things easily. Now I was to have



Drilling brackets for front axle

something distinguished for a radiator myself. I don't know anything about this sort of thing, but it looks like a big job to me. The shell I had on when I struck this Lab was punched out on a big machine in a matter of a second or so. Bang—crunch—whish—and I was ready for the paint room. I don't see any big machines like that around the Y. C. Lab. Something tells me there will be more than one "bang" and one "crunch"—and I doubt if there will be any "whish" at all. Looks like somebody else is going to have an adventure, too.

And there is another thing I've found out, something which thrills me a bit. I am going to have some disk wheels. Of course the high-speed racers usually have wire wheels, and they are very easy on the system—like rubber heels. But they have more wires than a harp and are harder to keep clean than a baby's hands where nice pie-building mud grows. Disks are quite attractive-looking and are the easiest of all to keep clean. If I am going to be made beautiful, I ought to be so constructed that I'll stay that way.

I wonder if they really plan to drive me on a race track. That would be the thrill of a lifetime. The fastest speed I ever made was forty-five miles an hour, although I know I am capable of greater efforts.

I feel decidedly queer. I am down so low now that the ground seems nearer than ever. That is, in front. The front brackets were done first and have been put on. This lowered me away down at one end while the rear end is still jacked up in the air. This makes me look like a camel starting to lie down in the desert.

The boys have struck another snag in the rear spring. I don't know what it's all about, but when they finally got my rear brackets on, the spring wouldn't come down in the right place. In addition to this surprising event, one of my rear-spring perches got lost,

and that didn't help any. Wish they'd hurry up and either get me lowered all over or put me back up where I used to be. I'm neither one thing nor the other. Why, it's like being a Republican at one end and a Democrat at the other.

I guess the boys in the Lab got a little jealous themselves over my getting so much attention. They're trying to be beautiful on their own account. The other day some gorgeous blue smocks arrived, and you should have heard the loud whoops of joy. Hum. Thought girls were supposed to be the vain creatures, but I'm glad there was nobody around but Cinderella to observe these young peacocks preening themselves in the new light-blue smocks. When they come near me, though, off come the smocks. I'm still a bit oily and painty in places, and they don't want to get their new costumes dirty.

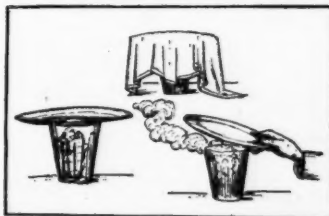
They take pictures of me every now and then, of different stages in my rehabilitation. After I'm altered in some vital spot, everybody has to hold still while the photographer says "one-two-three," and then the picture is taken. A new boy came in the other day, and he thought that "one-two-three" meant move about and breathe again, and he moved and spoiled a film. The other boys called him a dumb-bell, which I thought was unkind. Anybody is apt to make a mistake—as the Councilor said when he hit somebody else's thumb with a hammer.

This really is a most interesting place; they do so many odd things; indeed, one would think it was a sanitarium at times, so unique are the proceedings. Only the other day they cut a brand-new shoe right in two with a circular saw. I saw it with my own eyes. Why they did it, I don't know; only they took a picture of it being done, so I suppose it has some hidden meaning. And speaking of shoes reminds me that one of mine has flattened down, giving me a slight list to port.

There is talk now of giving me a bright vermilion chassis. I love that. At first the idea was a black one with ivory and blue for a body. Of course that would be nice, but I have never seen a red chassis except on a fire truck. Maybe they have some other color scheme in mind—unless they plan answering all the fire alarms in me just for the excitement.

I wish they'd hurry up and get on to what might be called the trimmings. This alteration of the frame is dreadfully slow because things have a way of not fitting when they ought to fit. Nobody understands that but those who have been down on their hands and knees and banged their knuckles (not to mention their intellects) on the cold, hard steel of an automobile as tough as I am. But the snags will fade away, I am sure—even if they have to be charmed away by music. The Councilor always sings when we arrive at a mechanical *cul-de-sac*; sings loudly and very badly, too. But it must do some good, because next day we go on again after the storm.

The Best Trick of the Week—2



This is for boys who have some knowledge of chemistry—not for their juniors.

Take a tumbler, a plate and a borrowed handkerchief.

The plate is placed on the tumbler, and the handkerchief thrown over it. A few magic words may be pronounced.

Then the handkerchief is removed, and the tumbler is full of dense vapor, resembling

smoke, which of course pours forth into the room.

Your previous preparation, as magician, consists in putting a few drops of spirits of salt in the bottom of the tumbler and a few drops of strong water of ammonia on the plate.

As soon as the plate is placed on the glass, the vapor will begin to form.

One Thousand Dollars in Gold

Watch for next week's Youth's Companion, containing six pages of new, attractive premiums—and prizes amounting to one thousand dollars in gold.



When Grandad was 15..

"GRANDAD" was only a youngster himself when Millers Falls started making tools, right after the Civil War.

Millers Falls were pioneer tool makers. Many tools were invented and perfected at Millers Falls. The very useful hand drill is an example. No one thought of such a tool till Millers Falls brought it out—and Millers Falls No. 5, shown here, has been a standard for 3 generations.



A Millers Falls hand drill is a wonderful tool to own. So is a spiral ratchet screw driver, a ratchet brace and any number of Millers Falls carpenter's tools and other kinds shown in our complete small catalog. We'll gladly send you a copy if you will write to us mentioning Youth's Companion.

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SINCE 1868

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How I Didn't Try to Be a Writer

By EDITH BALLINGER PRICE



ALL you people who have been reading Edith Ballinger Price's stories for years and years, as I have, will be glad to know how it was that she ever began to write them in the first place. And you who don't know her writing—if there are any of you who don't—will be ever so glad to get acquainted. Besides all her stories, which must take a long time to write, she is National Chairman of the Brownies.

Hazel Gray.

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION 8 ARLINGTON STREET, BOSTON.



WHEN I was born I had no intention of growing up to be a writer. In fact, I never did decide to be one; it was forced upon me. But at about eighteen months of age I did make up my mind to be an artist. My grandfather, William T. Richards, filled canvas after canvas with splendid seas and shores; why should not I fill paper after paper with grotesque men? I produced as my first efforts a pleasant tiger whose stripes extended beyond the margins of his anatomy and a man whose head terminated in the cloven shape of a fedora hat. At two I possessed and neatly used a paint-box, and even informed my grandfather that he shouldn't mix his "orange" and his "boo."

From then on I indefatigably filled blank-book after blank-book with spirited scenes—sometimes illustrations of books I was reading, sometimes purely invented episodes, or odd types I had seen. I did not, of course, read magazine stories, but I did see the often lurid captions below their illustrations and concocted similar ones for my imaginary scenes.

I seldom copied, never sketched real people; but I drew and drew and DREW, usually several hours a day, trying to remember attitudes and expressions I had noticed and to put them into my lively pictures. Even now I rarely use a model, depending on my mental camera to supply me with clear memory pictures of the poses and types I need.

And so I began to grow up. That is, I was in my teens—and drawing children, now, as ardently as I had hitherto drawn men. I began to work out color schemes and think of the picture itself as well as the story it told. I stopped my school education and went to art school. Was it any wonder that everyone, myself included, thought that I was safely headed for the career of an illustrator and portrait painter? But something entered in that no one had ever suspected.

ALL that time, from eight to eighteen, I had been drawing stories instead of pictures. Everything I drew had a plot element, a story-episode, behind it, though it might be but a single scene to which there was no sequel. I never wrote, as a child; I strung a few verses, and sometimes lulled myself to slumber with narrative of a very insipid sort; but I wrote never, except, all unsuspected, in the vivid, selective medium of illustration. And words were very important to me. They were capable of giving real pleasure or pain. I writhed at the mention of "blossoms" or "fruit juices" and cannot look upon them now, as they emerge from the typewriter, wholly without aversion. I was not a bookworm. Perhaps it was because I read only what was given me to read, and

* An author.



5 Years Old



10 Years Old

was the story he wanted and delighted in. And then there was nothing for it but that I must write a much longer one—and then another, and another. In vain I protested, in fright, that no more stories were in me, a poor illustrator. But after a summer of mingled joy and anguish I laid Silver Shoal Light at the publishers' feet; and since then a book a year has faithfully graced the book-shops.

OF course they are "illustrated by the author," for it would seem too bad to ignore so long an apprenticeship to another art; and there is a twofold joy, thus, in the making of a book. If you have seen the novel My Lady Lee, you can guess what fun it was to make the eighty pictures that adorn it. I quite often make illustrations in a sketchbook as I go along, for a book which

I am writing. It helps me to visualize the characters and gets my mind out of the word-rut into the less circumscribed field of line and form. And often I wonder whether I shall ever be allowed to step back and be the maker of pictures I meant to be, instead of the maker of stories I never intended.

Some writers can set forth helpful details for aspiring students, as to just how they work themselves—their hours, the make of their typewriters, the notebooks in which they jot down plot material, and such. But I never meant to write, and so have no system about it. A story may happen to me while I am washing my face, or having tea, or cleaning the flivver. Or it may not happen at all. I can't possibly compose on a typewriter, and I thriftily write on both sides of the paper—but you mustn't send to the editors that way!

My only advice is: Don't be perfectly sure you know what your "career" is going to be; and don't think you can learn to write by taking "short-story courses" where they show you little pictures of what a Plot looks like—with its climax perched at the top, and then a regular toboggan slide to a quick and snappy ending.



18 Years Old

because those books were the very best, that my appreciation of style was early quickened and sharpened.

At eighteen I decided it was high time that I began to peddle my wares and set myself up as a real illustrator. I had no idea of how to begin and fancied that, if I approached an editor with a bundle of drawings and a "Please, sir, don't you want some of my pretty pictures?" I might be received like the poet shown in an early drawing. It might

be better, I thought, to illustrate a story and submit both, that the editor might see how well text and pictures agreed. To simplify matters, I wrote the story myself and sent it, with the pictures it was intended to market, to St. Nicholas.

The story was Blue Magic (then called Siddereticus), and the good Saint accepted it so enthusiastically that I was left in a dazed condition. The pictures he consented to use,—so long as they were there,—but it

WATCH for a very clever idea for a party game. It is how to make a bird cage out of soda straws. Ask your guests to do it the next time you have a party.

And, by the way, how would you like to have an article about weaving—with pictures of the loom and of the things you can make on it?

I met a girl the other day who does a great deal of it, and I asked her to write about it for you.

Next Week



Fashions for the Young Girl

Real Letters from
Real Girls

Dear Suzanne:

They tell me that from the standpoint of design this dress is unusually good. Of course I don't know a great deal about design, but I do know that the trimming is awfully effective. It is done in cross-stitch—soft green and old rose, a little deeper than the rose of the dress. It is made of some sort of woolen, crêpey material that mother says reminds her very much of albatross. It is almost as light as silk and will be worn right through the spring and summer.

Don't you like the "bobby collar"?

I am not going to get this dress because I don't need any more right now, but Hazel Grey wanted me to wear it for this picture. I have been making some of my own clothes lately. Hazel Grey is going to put one of my dresses in *The Youth's Companion*. She says she thinks other girls may want to make one like it.

Isn't it fun the way she's bringing all us girls together? I feel as if I had enlarged my circle of friends about one hundred times since I met her.

Have you thought up a good contest idea? She said she wanted us to get a good one, and I have been racking my brain. I liked the money-making letters awfully well. Aren't people clever? Have you finished that book you've been reading? How did you like it?

Oh, I almost forgot to tell you about the hat. The one in the little picture, I mean. It's \$5.95—a "Betty and Ann," they call it,—blocked to fit the head, in all colors.

How did you come out in exams? I do hope they were all right. I am having a horrible time with English. I loved your dress last week and hope you are having a



Photograph by HOYLE STUDIO, BOSTON

whirl in New York with Adelaide. How I envy you!

Do write me all about it when you get back.

Betty

AND ONE MORE LETTER

Beckley, West Virginia

Dear Hazel Grey:

One day about three weeks before Christmas, as I counted up the list of names that were to receive presents from me and then looked at the three dollars, which seemed to grow smaller every minute, I wondered how I was to give all those presents. I was not in a very thoughtful mood, and after many hopeless attempts to decide on which of my few jewels to pawn I gave up and went upstairs to "tackle" my bedroom, which looked very much like a den.

After "wading" my way through bedroom slippers, books and miscellaneous objects, I came to my bureau drawer, which was so full of small dolls and old rags that it fairly bulged.

At the sight of these objects an idea struck me, and soon I was rummaging through the

drawer like a cyclone. I need not tell you of the busy days that followed, but when I finished you could see a small shop in our attic equipped with small models (made of dolls), with dresses of the latest fashion, small strings of beads, capes and shawls. That was my idea, a doll store, and I meant to sell the miniature garments of fashion to the young members of our street for prices not exceeding five cents.

The mothers of the children welcomed my store. The supply went fast, and I was kept busy replenishing it.

One week before Christmas I counted my money and found I had earned exactly five dollars, which could easily supply my needs if added to the other three.

I will now close, as the tale of my experience is ended.

FLORENCE MOSS

How the letters pile in! What about you? Have you written yet about the thing that worries you? Is it clothes? Friends? Money? College? Beauty? Parties? Games? Vocation? What? Write and tell me all about it! Between us, we ought to be able to figure a way out. Be sure to remember to inclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

Hazel Grey

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

8 Arlington Street, Boston

Nuts & Crack

I. Riddle

We are light and airy creatures,
All of different form and features.
One is ever far ahead;
One forever is in bed;
One of us is kept in tin,
And a fourth a box within;
If the fifth you would pursue,
It can never flee from you.

II. Enigma

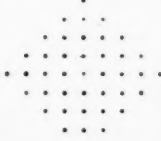
I am a familiar quotation composed of fifteen letters.

1. My 13, 11, 10 is a kind of animal.
2. My 1, 6, 4, 5, 7 is a stage set.
3. My 15, 8, 3, 14 is a river in Egypt.
4. My 12, 2, 4, 9 is untruths.

III. Found in February

1. A gem.
2. A body of water.
3. Uncommon.
4. An animal.
5. Extreme anger.
6. Distant.
7. Provisions of a table.
8. A fight.
9. A bitter herb.

IV. Diamond



1. A letter in *Youth's Companion*.
2. To propel with oars along the surface of water.
3. Sent to, or placed in, a home.
4. An outer garment of waist and trousers, worn by young children as protection to their clothing, especially while at play.
5. A comrade.
6. A childish word for *tinier*.
7. Freed or rid from water, or moisture of any kind.
8. An obsolete form of *sore*.
9. A letter in *Youth's Companion*.

V. Word Square



1. An agent.
2. To come.
3. A peninsula in southern Russia.
4. Timekeepers.
5. To pass on or over.
6. To think in logical forms.

VI. Charade (seven letters)

(Example: FIRST, rose; LAST, bud; ALL, rosebud.)

If you will listen carefully
To what I have to say,
You'll find that solving puzzles is
A fascinating play.

Now take of FIRST a little LAST
And add the two together,
When you will find a glistening ALL
That hangs upon the heather.

VII. Beheadment

(Example: FIRST, steam; LAST, team.)
"The Chinaman's peculiar," so a modern author writes;

He's FIRST, reserved, and rarely known to
take a part in fights.
And yet the press throughout the LAST
tells of the loss of life
Resulting from the rival tongs engaged in
deadly strife.

VIII. Rebus

AND H
H AND

Better be FIRST than LAST:
Better be "early" than "late."
Surely each word
You've often heard,
So for the answer I wait.

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Let owners of Smith Bonds tell you in their own words why they select these time-tested first mortgage investments.



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a new
adventure
coming!



Watch for the March 4 number

Ye Children's Page

THE LAST OF FAIRYLAND

Now you have the whole Fairyland Map. I do hope you are going to glue the four sections together and paint it all. How many places can you find this week? Look for the Golden Fleece,

Hercules, and the Water Babies. Send your list off right away. It must be mailed not later than March 4 in order to count in the contest. The winners will be announced in a few weeks.

Send the list of the names of places you can find, together with your own name, address, age and a stamped envelope to
EDITOR OF THE CHILDREN'S PAGE, THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, 8 ARLINGTON STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

Remember the prize is five dollars, and you may get it.

THE PAINTING CONTEST

The pictures you have drawn and painted are very, very good. The judges have had a hard time deciding on the winner, but at last they have agreed, and the winning picture will appear on the Children's Page of next week's Youth's Companion. Do you want another contest?

Courtesy of E. P. Dutton



FANTASTIC SCENERY PACKET

Contains all different stamps of far-away countries depicting wonderful thrilling scenes. Included are: Belgium (Satan with pitchfork); Barbados (chariot and flying horses); Chile (battle scene); Egypt (sphinx and pyramids); Jugoslavia (nude slave breaking chains); Newfoundland (wild caribou); Malay (fierce tiger); Trinidad (Goddess of Victory); Tunis (Arab); and others. To approval applicants enclosing 5c this great packet will be sent. *File's Pack Stamp Co., Box 215, Colorado Springs, Colo. Important: If you act right now, we will also include free a triangle stamp, perforation gauge, and a small package of blings.*

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50 varieties Scandinavian stamps and a free packet other foreign stamps.
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W. BURTIS CO., SARATOGA, N. Y.

FINE STAMPS FREE to applicants for our "Ace High" Approvals sending reference and 2c postage. Ace Stamp Co., 1605 N. 13th St., Phila., Pa.

FREE BIG GIFT to Each New Approval Applicant. Lowest Prices. Stanley Munday, 112 Irvine Ave., Westmount, P. Q., Canada.

1000 mixed stamps 25c. 1000 hinges 10c. album to hold 2000 stamps 50c. All different 300 stamps 20c. 500 35c. 1000 90c. 2000 \$3.75. 3000 \$10.00. Michael, 5353 Calumet, Chicago.

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IN WHICH SPORTS DO YOU EXCEL?

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Astronomy	Manual Training
Baseball	Music
Basketball	Nature Study
Boxing	Patriotism
Camp Spirit	Photography
Canoeing	Picnics
Carnivals	Radio
Citizenship	Religious Training
Competitive Games	Rifle Practice
Dancing	Rowing
Domestic Science	Sailing
Dramatics and	Scoutcraft
Pageantry	Seamanship
First Aid	Swimming and
Fishing	Diving
Folk Dancing	Tennis
Foreign Languages	Track and Field
Forestry	Sports
Golf	Visits to Historic
Gypsy Trips	Points
Hiking and Mountain Climbing	Water Sports
	Woodcraft

Write to The Youth's Companion

Stamps to Stick

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

One of the fascinating things about philately, the hobby of collecting postage stamps, is the educational value that attaches to it through the study of the inscriptions, designs and symbols found on the thousands of varieties of these adhesives. For those Companion readers who are interested in stamp-collecting there appeared some months ago in this department an explanation of the meanings of many of the Latin wordings associated with philately through the appearance of such wordings on stamps, together with some information as to why those particular inscriptions were selected.

Perhaps of equal interest to collectors would be knowledge as to the origin of the names of some of the stamp-issuing countries themselves.

Given, for example, a list of fifty British colonies, a person is not apt to take the trouble to search through reference volumes to learn whence the meanings of the names of those colonies are derived. The philatelist is interested, however, in those meanings because each of the colonies issues postage stamps with inscriptions and designs which are perhaps significant of historical events identified with its past or present.

HERE'S WHAT THEY MEAN

Carrying out that thought, The Companion presents the following information in connection with a few of the British colonies whose names and postage stamps are familiar to the collector's album:

Antigua: This is significant of "aged"—from the Spanish word *antigua*, equivalent to the Latin *antiquus*. A church in Seville, Spain, was some centuries ago dedicated to Santa Maria la Antigua, and so Columbus named the island in honor of the saint when he discovered the island in 1493.

Ascension: This island was discovered, in 1501, by João da Nova on Ascension Day in that year. Hence the name is a fitting one.

Australia: Of the five continents, Australia is the only one which lies wholly in the southern hemisphere. Its name is derived from the Latin *auster*, meaning south wind.

WHISKER ISLAND

Barbados: Two derivations have been suggested. One is the Spanish *barbudo*, in effect "long-bearded." The other is the Portuguese *barbado*, meaning "bearded." A fig tree which abounds on the island is of growth resembling a beard.

Bermuda: Named after Juan Bermudez, who in the sixteenth century was wrecked on this island.

Cayman Islands: There is a Caribbean word, *caiman*, meaning "alligator," a reptile found there in large numbers.

Ceylon: There is a Sanscrit word *sinhaladipa*. *Sinhala* means "lion"; *dvi* means "two"; *pa* means "water." The latter two are significant of "water on two sides"—that

is, an island. Thus Ceylon is "lion island"—an island where lions once roamed.

Dominica: An abbreviation of *Dominica Dies*—the Lord's Day. Columbus gave the island this name because of having discovered it on a Sunday.

Egypt: Equivalent to the native name *kemi*, or "black land," significant of land darkness as the effect of Nile floods.

Gibraltar: *Jebel Tariq*, of which Gibraltar is the modern corruption, was the name given to this stronghold after Tariq, an Arab, and his followers conquered the country in 711 A.D. *Jebel* is significant of "mount."

Guiana: The derivation is disputed. Some say the origin is an Indian name meaning "wild coast"; others, that it is from the native *waini-guainia*—"river-fountain."

THE LAND OF COLONELLA LAWRENCE

Hedjaz (or Hejaz): Means "separating." Hejaz separates the inland province of Nejd from the coast district.

Honduras: British: Spanish word meaning "depths"—alluding to difficulty by ships in finding places of anchorage.

Hongkong: English form of *Hiang-Kiang*, meaning "sweet lakes."

India: Its origin is *sindhu*—"a river." The river is the Indus.

Jamaica: The Indian word *jaymacas* means "isle of springs."

Malta: Known to the Greeks and the Romans as *Melita*. It was famed for its honey. From the Latin *mel* or *mellis*.

Mauritius: Named after Count Maurice of Nassau by the Dutch in 1598.

Natal: *Dies Natalis* is equivalent to "the birthday of Our Lord." Vasco da Gama, the Portuguese navigator, caught a glimpse of Natal on Christmas Day, 1497, on his voyage to India.

COWS IN THE SUN

St. Helena: In Greek mythology Helen is *Sarama*, significant of "dawn." It is related that the bright cows—that is, the rays of the sun—are stolen by the powers of darkness, and *Sarama* ("dawn") is sent to look for them. Hence "Sarama is looking for the cows" means "Dawn is beginning to break."

Sierra-Leone: From the Portuguese *serra*, or "mountain," and *leone*, or "lion-like."

Sudan: An abbreviation of the Arabic term *Balid-es-Sudan*—"the country of the blacks."

Tasmania: Named after a Dutch navigator, Tasman, who discovered this land in 1642.

Turks Islands: Here abounds a cactus, the *Melocactus communis*, otherwise known as "Turk's-head" from the appearance of the head of the plant.

Vancouver: Named after George Vancouver, an English navigator who explored the island in 1792.

Zanzibar: From the eighth century the seaboard along this part of Africa was called *Zanquebar*, significant of "the coast of the Arabs," as small Arab states, called *Zenj* ("Arab"), had been established there.



Russian History

NEW commemoratives have come from the soviet country, this time recalling the revolutions of 1825 and 1905. These stamps were among the final ones to appear in Europe in 1925. Each set has three denominations—3 kopeks, green, 7 kopeks, brown, and 14 kopeks, red. Three are in memory of the rebellion carried on, a century ago, by the Decembrists, at the start of the reign of Nicholas I, on behalf of the ruler's elder brother, Constantine, who had renounced his right to be emperor. This revolution was crushed, and those of its leaders who escaped execution were sent to Siberia. The three designs are the burial of some of the victims, on the lowest value; portraits of five of the revolutionists, on the highest denomination; and a battle in progress near the statue of Peter the Great, in St. Petersburg, on the third stamp. The second set commemorates the disturbances which took place when, after Russia had been defeated by Japan, the peasants were in open rebellion. The three respective designs are revolutionists on the march, a leader haranguing a mob, and a barricaded street with the people fighting.



Commemoratives from Russia

63 Left

We advertised packet No. 329 a month ago and only 63 are left. First come, first served—100 diff. stamps from 166 different countries only 75c.

Also (new packets this month) Scott Seald Packet No. 334, 12 diff. Lebanon, 25c (get this country in your album); No. 335, 12 diff. Syria, 25c; No. 336, 12 diff. France, 25c; French Equatorial Africa, on Chad, 1924, 5 stamps, 10c; No. C106, Dime Set, 6 Cameroun, 1925 (picture), 10c; No. 1702, Ecuador, 1872, 97c, 40 stamps, \$1.25 (set); Scott Seald Packets—No. 8, 1000 all diff. \$1.25; No. 3, 2000 all diff. \$3.00; No. 22, Asia only, 100 diff. 60c; No. 21, South America only, 100 diff. 60c; No. 331, Paraguay, 25 diff. 50c; No. 332, Azores, 40 diff. 50c; No. 147, Austria, 300 diff. 50c.

Our free 80-page price list will be sent you on request. Prices hundreds of sets, dime sets, Scott Seald Packets; also our full line of albums, catalogues, tongs, hinges, watermark detectors, etc.

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